The American Weekly
Section of the Boston Sunday Advertiser, Sunday, November 23, 1919
Copyright, 1919, by International Feature Service, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Copyright, 1919, by Carl Link.

A SURPRISE PACKAGE—DRAWN IN PASTEL ESPECIALLY FOR THIS PAGE BY CARL LINK

# How Judge Stelk Cures Automobile Speeders

Judge John Stelk Teaching His Ten Commandments for Automobilists to a Woman Speeder.

## *Sentenced to Visit the Chicago Morgue and Made to Face the Silent Victims of Reckless Drivers While the Morgue Keeper's Sepulchral Voice Reproaches Them*

*"The woman recoiled, staggered back, half fainting. "'I can't stand it!' she cried. 'She's like my own little girl!'"*

Chicago's Morgue Keeper Davis Reading to Speeders Sentenced by Judge Stelk Their Grim Lesson from the Body of a Victim of Reckless Driving.

THERE had been in Chicago, as there has been in all the large cities within the last twelve months, an appalling increase of deaths and injuries caused by reckless, inefficient and speeding automobilists. Neither fines nor imprisonment had served to check the careless and dangerous drivers.

The majority of arrests came before Judge John Stelk in what is known as the Speeders' Court. Judge Stelk thought long and minutely upon the problem. At last he came to a decision.

The next day eight automobile drivers were brought before him for exceeding the legal limits. They were all first offenders, no accidents were charged against them, and, pleading guilty, they waited to hear what their fines would be. One of them was a woman.

Judge Stelk looked them over severely.

"You are expecting to be fined," he said, "but that is not to be the sentence of this court. You have been fortunate in that you have killed no one—as yet; but inevitably you will.

"You are sentenced to go to the Morgue. There you will see the maimed body of a little girl killed by a speeder. You will look at that child and her wounds will be shown you. Learn a lesson from the fate of that little one who, but for men like you, would have grown up to have been a wife and mother. After you have seen, go home. I will continue all your cases for a week so that you can think over the matter."

The automobilists looked at each other; the woman's face grew white.

"No," she cried. "No. I'll pay my fine. I'll promise not to speed again. But I can't go there!"

"You must go," ordered the judge inflexibly.

Officers came forward and took them in charge. Outside the court two automobiles were waiting, and in these the prisoners were carried to the Morgue. Through its doors they went. The Morgue keeper, Samuel L. Davis, was waiting for them. He guided them into the immense room where are the cabinets whose icy depths hold the bodies of the unknown dead.

Now it is a fact that every place has its atmosphere. Its personality, that is wo'en from its uses and the reactions of its uses upon those who frequent it. This is not peculiar—it is a psychological fact. Every one knows the influence of the cathedral, of the church upon the mind, the soothing, tranquilizing effect upon those who enter with their fears and sorrows. It is the spirit of the place, made up not only of the images that it calls to mind, but of the hopes and thoughts of the worshippers, which persist, perhaps, like incense, even though the censer has long ceased to burn.

The circus carries its atmosphere, and so do the theatres. There are houses which are termed "unhappy" and which upon entering seem to smother down upon every impulse of joy.

There is no place in which this curious psychological atmosphere is so pronounced as the Morgue. Here lie the unknown dead, the suicides, the lost ones, those who have passed away in loneliness and poverty, the victims of accident and of cruelty. And into it come those who seek for loved ones who have vanished. They come with terror of what they may find, struggling with hope that they may not find it.

The silence of the Morgue is one of anguish. When it is broken it is usually by the sound of lamentation. The only joy that ever flares up within it is a negative one; he whom the seeker came to find was not there—but still remains unfound.

Into this place of gloom filled with the ghosts of sorrow the eight speeders were ushered. The policemen left them. They huddled together while the Morgue keeper closed the door and locked it behind them.

Before them was a long row of glass-covered cases, looking not unlike specimen cases in a museum. The air of the place was cold and smelled faintly of death.

"Come," said the Morgue keeper. He led them over. One of the cases he unlocked and drew out from it a slab on which lay, covered with white cloth, a shapeless heap. He snapped on an electric bulb, drew slowly back the sheet.

They looked down upon the face of a little girl. She had not been more than five years of age. There was a glimpse of white beneath the long curving lashes of her still, white lids. A curl of soft brown hair lay over her cheek, half hiding a wicked cut. Except for that blemish the face was untouched and calm.

"Maybe some of you have got a little girl like this of your own," said the Morgue keeper. His voice was sepulchral in the silent hall. "The man that killed her was going forty-five miles an hour in a street where there are many children. She never had a chance."

Quickly he threw off the balance of the covering cloth.

"Here's what he did to her!" he said.

The eight looked down upon the little figure.

The woman recoiled, covered her eyes, staggered back, half fainting.

"I can't stand it," she cried. "She's like my own little girl—"

She ran to the locked door and beat it with her hands.

"Let me out! Let me out!" she wailed.

"You have got to come back," said the Morgue keeper, and drew her relentlessly over to the slab again.

The little body was twisted and mangled, a gaping cut ran from shoulder to navel, one small rounded leg had been crushed almost into pulp from knee to foot.

"That's what the speeders do," said the Morgue keeper. "That's what people like you do."

He covered the child again, pushed it back into the case, locked the doors.

In utter silence the white-faced, shaking men followed him to the door and as silently filed through it and without a word to each other went their ways.

A week later they came again before Judge Stelk.

"I have a little girl at home of my own," said one, "and all this week I have dreamed of her on that Morgue slab in the place of that other child. You have taught me a lesson, Judge. I'll never speed any more."

And this, in effect, was what all the others said. And day by day as the speeders come before Judge Stelk they make that pilgrimage to the place of death, and few there are who come out of it unchanged.

There are very real, very potent psychological factors in the Chicago justice's unusual expedient to cope with the speeder. It is something that lies outside the precise books of law and formal statutes. Judges and executives have called upon it from time to time when the formal code proved inadequate. Solomon did it when he ordered his executioner to cut in two the baby claimed by the two women. It figured in the old trials by ordeal, which even now exist in certain countries. This factor is the human equation.

Judge Stelk explains it this way:

"The greatest determining factor of conduct is the ability to visualize. The mind thinks most easily in pictures. I believe that the majority of crimes resulting from what we call recklessness, negligence or thoughtlessness come from an inability properly to visualize possible consequence of such recklessness, negligence or thoughtlessness.

"I believe that there was a positive deterrent influence in some of the old ordeals. Particularly was there in that one which compelled a person suspected of murder to walk up to the body of the murdered one and lay his or her hand upon it. The idea was that if he or she who touched the body were guilty blood would flow from the wounds.

"Of course, this was entirely unscientific—but most people believed it, and the terror of having to look upon the body of a victim and run the chance has kept, I believe, many murders from being done. It was a device unconscious, of course, to fix in people's minds a picture of consequences.

"In trying this experiment with speeders this was the backbone of my idea. I did not believe that men deliberately or with pleasure ran down people. It was simply that they had not the power, or never had tried, to visualize what might happen, and some time certainly would happen, from giving way to the speeding impulse.

"I determined to provide the picture and, of course, there was no better setting for it, no place better for focussing it and impressing it upon the mind than the Morgue.

"Of course, I knew it would not work with every one. There are some people in which the mania for speeding is so great that no picture or no realization of consequences can deter them, but the average man no more wants to hurt any one than you or I do. The maniacs are few, and we can handle them with the jails and long sentences. We wish, however, to cure rather than to destroy.

"There is not one man in a hundred coming from the Morgue who will ever forget what he has seen. Linked up with his speedometer will be that vision, and as the needle on the dial points toward the danger mark what he has seen in the Morgue will appear before him clearly.

"I know the experiment has been a success. It has cured more reckless drivers and speeders than fines and jail ever had. I hope others try it."

Not long ago Judge Stelk framed a set of ten commandments for automobile drivers. They are:

FIRST—Thou shalt not speed.

SECOND—Thou shalt slow up and give warning when approaching man or beast.

THIRD—Thou shalt give signal when intending to swerve or turn to right or left.

FOURTH—Thou shalt signal when stopping.

FIFTH—Thou shalt give true name and address when pinched.

SIXTH—Thou shalt render assistance to any victims.

SEVENTH—Thou shalt not open cutout or race motor at night when thy neighbor sleepeth.

EIGHTH—Thou shalt always turn to the right when meeting others.

NINTH—Thou shalt wear chains in bad weather.

TENTH—Thou shalt not attempt to fool the judge.

(C) 1919, International Feature Service, Inc.

Great Britain Rights Reserved.

# "Suddenly a Hairy Monster Sprang Into the Room"

## *Mrs. Lillian Lindley's Shocking Experience with Millionaire Knowlton's Pet Ape Which Broke Loose, Invaded Her Home, Attacked the Babies at Breakfast and Threw the Bulldog Out the Window*

**"Frozen with terror Mrs. Lindley stared at the monster, but was instantly aroused to action when the hairy visitor stretched out a long, aggressive arm and jerked her four-year-old baby girl, Miriam, toward him with a brutal grin."**

"WE were at breakfast. Suddenly a hairy monster sprang into the room. I was giving the children their oatmeal when the animal entered. He stopped and seemed to sniff the oatmeal with relish. My babies and I were paralyzed with fright."

With these words Mrs. Lillian S. Lindley began the recital to a jury in Los Angeles of an experience unparalleled in all the records of all the courts in the United States. The similarity of Mrs Lindley's own frightful experience with the hideous events recounted in "The Murders of the Rue Morgue," by Edgar Allen Poe, are indeed startling. It was an experience which Mrs. Lindley will never fully recover from, and the jury promptly awarded her a verdict of damages against the owner of the ape which intruded on her little family circle.

Frozen with terror Mrs. Lindley stared at the monster, but was instantly aroused to action when the hairy visitor stretched out a long, aggressive arm and jerked her four-year-old baby girl, Miriam, toward him with a brutal grin.

Leaping from her seat at the table the frantic mother went to the rescue of little Miriam, but was shaken off by the ape. At the same moment the family bulldog gripped the bristly ankle of the chimpanzee. A huge brown hand descended, seized the dog's collar, and with an easy backward gesture threw the growling bulldog out of the open window.

Inspired by mother love and forgetful of her danger Mrs. Lindley again tackled the brute. Her clenched hands flitted frantically like a humming bird's before the chimpanzee's eyes. She beat at the creature's hardened chest and strained to loosen his grasp upon poor Miriam.

Just what purpose the ape had in mind is not clear, but his attention was fixed upon the child, and the attack of the little one's mother gave him no concern whatever. As the ape's fingers circled the throat of the little one Mrs. Lindley screamed piercingly. He loosened his clasp on Miriam and for the first time took note of the mother.

As Miriam dropped to the floor Mrs. Lindley seized the child in her arms and looked toward the nine-year-old son, Milton. The ape sensed the meaning of her glance, and seizing Milton around the neck threw the boy across the room. Darting to where he lay, Mrs. Lindley lifted him and pushed him into a closet along with baby Miriam. In another moment she had herself stepped inside the closet and locked the door, leaving their uninvited guest alone in the dining room.

Before long a shout from neighbors in the front yard told the terrified mother that the chimpanzee had departed. He had made his way from the invaded home by sliding from a rear window down an eave spout, after the custom of Poe's mysterious murderer of the Rue Morgue, who avoided paths of mankind and glided in and out of third-story apertures by stealthily moving, hand over hand, over cornices, drain pipes and shutters.

The ape in the modern instance, however, did not depart until he had poured onto the dining room table the hot oatmeal breakfast Mrs. Lindley was preparing to serve her brood when he entered. But he is said to have intelligently waited until the gruel was cool and then to have scooped it into his jaws with audible smacks of relish.

The suits for damages which Mrs. Lindley, her husband, O. P. Lindley, and her son, Master Milton Lindley,' later filed in the County Superior Court named Colonel E. W. Knowlton as the owner of the beast.

Knowlton is a millionaire patent medicine manufacturer and a connoisseur of sorts. At the time Mrs. Lindley's home was invaded Knowlton was also a collector of simians. He maintained a palatial place at No. 395 Grand avenue, the famous "Millionaires' Row" of Pasadena.

When Knowlton took the witness stand in his own defense and that of his pet's reputation, he testified to the human characteristics of the beast which Mrs. Lindley alleged had disturbed the tranquillity of her home.

According to Knowlton, the pet frequently wore clothes like a man, carried a cane, smoked cigarettes, had been a movie actor, and meant no harm to any child, especially to Mrs. Lindley's.

At this point the court cut the millionaire's testimony off shortly by ruling that culture was merely superficial and that all monkeys were wild beasts no matter what their training.

When Mrs. Lindley appeared on the stand, her appearance corroborated the story of nervous shock given her by the monkey. Her face was thin and drawn. Even her hair was cut short, for she said she could not bear its weight when grown to normal length. A nurse, Mrs. Lillian McEneny, from a local sanitorium, accompanied Mrs. Lindley to the courtroom and cared for her during the trial. Dr. Ross Moore, a Los Angeles physician, testified for her.

Knowlton's contention throughout was that Mrs. Lindley had suffered no shattered nerves and that his chimpanzee meant no harm.

A demand of total damages amounting to $56,250 was made in the complaint filed by the Lindleys in the Los Angeles Superior Court, June 24, 1914.

Of this amount Mrs. Lindley demanded $40,000, alleging she was made sick and hysterical by the behavior of the beast, and the amount was necessary to repay her for her sufferings.

The balance of $16,250 was demanded by O. P. Lindley to reimburse him for expenses of medical treatment for Mrs. Lindley and his individual loss resulting from her illness.

A jury in Judge Louis W. Myers's court awarded the Lindleys $2,000 damages, May 28, 1915; $1,750 for Mrs. Lindley and $250 for her husband. Judge Myers denied them a motion for a new trial July 26, 1915.

But the Lindleys returned to the attack on November 5, 1917, when their son Milton, filed suit in the Los Angeles Superior Court for $15,000.

It was claimed in this complaint that Milton constantly dreamed of monkeys and had not slept soundly since the day he was attacked. In the subsequent testimony it was brought out that Milton made "monkey faces" in school at his classmates since his terrifying experience with the chimpanzee. The case was heard before Judge Dehi, who, under date of January 22, 1918, rendered a verdict of $1,000 for the boy.

In the meantime Knowlton had appealed the former case from Judge Myers's court to the Supreme Court of California, and on November 19, 1918, Justice H. W. Melvin in San Francisco affirmed the decision of the lower Los Angeles court which awarded $2,000 damages to Mr. and Mrs. Lindley.

Much interesting detail regarding the chimpanzee was brought out during the legal episodes. The simian's name was Charles H. Fuller, so christened by Mr Knowlton in honor of an esteemed friend of his, a Chicagoan, who bore that name.

The animal was the largest in Knowlton's collection, which then numbered more than thirty. His weight was 165 pounds and he stood slightly more than four feet in height. He is said to have been of prodigious strength.

"Never again," expressively groaned millionaire Knowlton, according to a newspaper correspondent who interviewed him a few days after the first adverse legal decision.

"Never again will I monkey with monkeys on my place."

The millionaire held up one hand as he declared it, as though he were taking an oath.

"I am disgusted. A man takes an interest in something and he tries to accomplish a little and other people immediately begin to try to make trouble for him."

The millionaire hotly yet mournfully admitted Charley Fuller had become the property of other parties in San Francisco for a consideration. The rest of his collection was offered for sale.

Fuller, who was a perfect specimen of a chimpanzee, valued at $10,000, first burst into prominence when he arrived in Pasadena August 1, 1909, direct from Africa to take up his habitat with Knowlton. The "chimp," who at that time had not attained his full proportions, came with a chattering contingent of three other monkeys of lesser stature—a mandrill and two ringtails—whom Knowlton 'promptly presented with the names of three of his intimates—Bessie Bartholomew, E. E. Lee and Mayor Early. The latter was a namesake of the Pasadena mayor at that time. Always Knowlton named his monkeys after his closest friends.

The surrounding neighborhood first held Fuller in considerable admiration. He was feted royally, given as many cigarettes as a returned soldier and treated to delicacies. According to Knowlton, small neighborhood boys developed an attachment for the beast which later was to invade the sanctity of the home in Eagle Rock. These lads communicated to the "chimp" the rules and ethics of modern baseball sufficiently to make a heavy slugger and excellent base runner out of him.

The animal was petted by millionaire Knowlton's wife and young daughter. It acquired the art of needlework and spent many afternoons with the ladies in Knowlton's sewing room.

Then Fuller became interested in what lay beyond the horizon. To him the horizon was the wall surrounding the millionaire's spacious grounds.

He went on a voyage of discovery into neighboring yards, and so thoroughly enjoyed the experience he lured the rest of the monkey tribe in Knowlton's private zoo next time to go with him. Always the cage doors were left open for their convenience, as Knowlton never believed in keeping them prisoners.

It was not long until the Right Rev. Joseph Johnson, Knowlton's nearest neighbor, objected to having monkey faces peering into his windows at all hours during the day and night. The presence of the huge chimpanzee skulking around his grounds also aroused his ire. Reginald D. Johnson, the preacher's son, complained to the city authorities, and an ordinance was passed which required monkeys to be caged or chained to barrel organs, after the ordinance then existing in New York City. The ordinance was adopted in the Fall of 1911, and Fuller, with his cronies of lesser size, pined in their cages until the morning he tore the imprisoning bars away and loped easily over the two miles intervening between Knowlton's home and Eagle Rock.

Throughout his excursion that morning he demonstrated the stealthy trickery Poe depicts in his Rue Morgue murderer. The chimpanzee held up a startled barber and appropriated the barber's hat. With a mock gesture of courtesy he glided away, keeping a watchful glance over his shoulder at the [illegible]omfited victim. Then he rang a [illegible]ell and a horrified housewife locked [illegible]out.

Record time was reported to have been made on his home trip after frightening the Lindley household. He stopped but once, and then it was to enter a residence where an old gentleman awoke at hearing a rattle in the cane rack in time to see the incredible apparition of a slouching chimpanzee exiting with the old gentleman's favorite walking stick!

**Mrs. Lillian S. Lindley Who Saved Her Babies from Mr. Knowlton's Chimpanzee.**

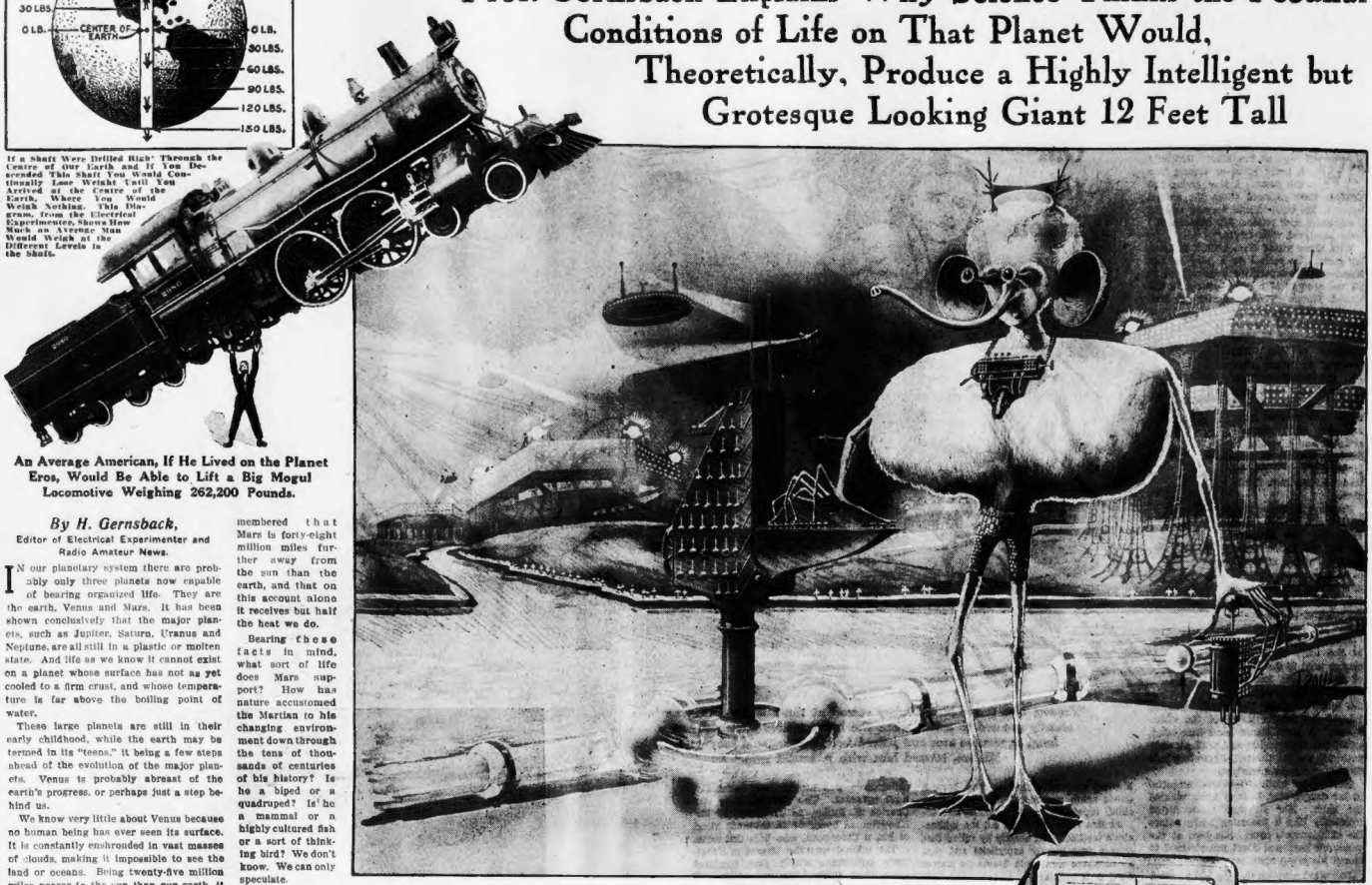
**The Ape, "Charles H. Fuller," Fondling a Child. Mr. Knowlton, Owner of "Fuller" Testified at the Trial of the Damage Suit That the Ape Was Educated and Gentle; but the Judge Ruled That All Monkeys Were Irresponsible Wild Beasts and Their Education and Culture Were Entirely Superficial.**

(C) 1919, International Feature Service, Inc.
Great Britain Rights Reserved.

# Do the People on Mars Look Like This?

## Prof. Gernsback Explains Why Science Thinks the Peculiar Conditions of Life on That Planet Would, Theoretically, Produce a Highly Intelligent but Grotesque Looking Giant 12 Feet Tall

If a Shaft Were Drilled Right Through the Centre of Our Earth and If You Descended This Shaft You Would Continually Lose Weight Until You Arrived at the Centre of the Earth, Where You Would Weigh Nothing. This Diagram, from the Electrical Experimenter, Shows How Much an Average Man Would Weigh at the Different Levels in the Shaft.



**An Average American, If He Lived on the Planet Eros, Would Be Able to Lift a Big Mogul Locomotive Weighing 262,200 Pounds.**

*By H. Gernsback,*
Editor of Electrical Experimenter and Radio Amateur News.

IN our planetary system there are probably only three planets now capable of bearing organized life. They are the earth, Venus and Mars. It has been shown conclusively that the major planets, such as Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune, are all still in a plastic or molten state. And life as we know it cannot exist on a planet whose surface has not as yet cooled to a firm crust, and whose temperature is far above the boiling point of water.

These large planets are still in their early childhood, while the earth may be termed in its "teens," it being a few steps ahead of the evolution of the major planets. Venus is probably abreast of the earth's progress, or perhaps just a step behind us.

We know very little about Venus because no human being has ever seen its surface. It is constantly enshrouded in vast masses of clouds, making it impossible to see the land or oceans. Being twenty-five million miles nearer to the sun than our earth, it receives twice as much heat. This gives rise to a much greater amount of evaporation—hence the constant clouding.

We may be sure, however, that organized life exists on Venus. Where there are water and clouds, which must give Venus a similar atmosphere to our own, organized life must exist without a shade of a doubt.

But now what of Mars, that interesting planet with which scientists dream of some day communicating?

Being much smaller, Mars cooled down hundreds of thousands of years before the earth did. If the earth is in its teens Mars is well along in the eighties. And organized life there must have begun eons before it did here.

To form any adequate conception of what life on Mars is like we must first understand the conditions under which it exists—conditions radically different from those under which we on this earth live.

Our telescopes reveal a very great scarcity of atmosphere on Mars. We know this from the exceedingly rare cloud formations. The air is so thin there that a man suddenly transported from the earth to Mars would suffocate in a few minutes. And Mars is losing its atmosphere into space much quicker than the earth because of its lower gravitation.

One terrestrial pound weighs only about a third of a pound on Mars. Therefore Mars does not hold down its air as strongly as is the case on earth, and the air escapes more quickly into the outer space. While this process is slow, requiring millions of years, it is steady and inexorable.

The accompanying diagrams, reproduced from a recent issue of the Electrical Experimenter, show the wide differences in the amount of gravitational pull found beneath the earth's surface and on Mars and Eros.

If you were to descend a shaft drilled right through the centre of the earth you would steadily lose weight until you reached the earth's centre, where you would weigh nothing at all.

An average American living on Mars would be able to lift and carry about with ease a safe weighing 564 pounds, and on Eros he would actually be able to lift a big mogul locomotive weighing 262,200 pounds.

But to return to the conditions life has to face on Mars. Scant air, as every aviator knows, lowers the temperature. How much colder is it then on Mars with an atmosphere thinner than an aviator ever breathed on earth? Also it must be remembered that Mars is forty-eight million miles further away from the sun than the earth, and that on this account alone it receives but half the heat we do.

Bearing these facts in mind, what sort of life does Mars support? How has nature accustomed the Martian to his changing environment down through the tens of thousands of centuries of his history? Is he a biped or a quadruped? Is he a mammal or a highly cultured fish or a sort of thinking bird? We don't know. We can only speculate.

Nature always does the surprising and bizarre thing — if you don't think so look at a devil fish or a giraffe or a chameleon or a bat. Any one of them could have been equipped with a human brain had nature thought it expedient. But for some reason they were not. On the other hand, ants and bees probably "think"—perhaps better than we do. Contrawise, if they do, they probably think that all of our acts are due to "instinct." In their way they are probably right. It depends only upon the point of view.

But given like conditions evolution will progress alike in widely separated spheres. The Indians on the American Continent developed about the same as the Europeans, although they had not intermingled for thousands of years. It is not even absolutely certain that they have not sprung into being on their own accord.

Following this line of reasoning—and the writer admits it may be all wrong—there is a strong chance that the Martian has developed in a manner similar to that of man on earth. As a matter of fact, the chances are greatly in its favor. If we grant this truth, it should be easy to form a mental picture of the Martian under his present unfavorable conditions upon his planet.

To begin with, the Martian race, millions of years older than the terrestrial, must have advanced tremendously. The Martian's head, due to his greatly developed brain, must be enormous. On account of the low gravitational force on Mars, where his body is pulled downward with only one-third of the weight as that on earth, the Martian must be of great height. He is at least ten or twelve feet tall. Geotropism on earth proves this amply.

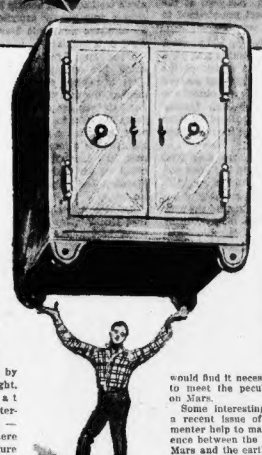
To support such a tall body where gravity is so small, better footing is necessary, hence the big feet are required. The tremendously civilized Martian always rides or flies from place to place; his legs are thus almost useless, just like a stork's, for instance—a mere coil of muscles, thin and sinewy.

Due to the very rare Martian atmosphere, the Martian's chest must be enormous to accommodate his ponderous lungs, necessary to supply his oxygen. Rare atmosphere conducts sound very poorly, hence the large ears, necessary to catch the very weak sounds. Due to the poor atmosphere it is exceedingly cold on Mars, except at the equator. Hence Martians are covered with a white polar fur from head to foot. A rare atmosphere conducts odors but poorly, hence the elephantine nose, which goes to the odor, as the odor can't come to the Martian.

Gravity on Mars being much less than on earth—1 lb. on earth weighs 0.35 lbs. on Mars—the pull on his body is very small. Therefore his height is from 10 to 12 feet. To support such a tall body where gravity is small, better footing is necessary, hence the big feet. The tremendously civilized Martian always rides or flies from place to place; his legs are thus almost useless, hence devoid of muscles, consequently thin.

The Martian stopped all physical work millions of years ago; machines do his work. His arms thus are weak and thin. But the hands and eyes—the Martian's most important organs, are used and worked constantly—hence are developed wonderfully. As his food is all taken in highly concentrated form and as he does not talk, the Martian's mouth has shrunk very small.

Talking in a rare atmosphere being almost impossible, the Martian communicates by his telepathic organ, a sort of sensitive skin stretched between antler-like prominences on top of his head. The same organ sends out the telepathic waves.



**If You Lived on the Planet Mars You Would Be Able to Lift with Ease a Safe Weighing 564 Pounds.**

Due to the very rare Martian atmosphere, the Martian's chest must be enormous to accommodate his ponderous lungs, necessary to supply his oxygen. Rare atmosphere conducts sound very poorly, hence the large ears, necessary to catch the very weak sounds. Due to the poor atmosphere it is exceedingly cold on Mars, except at the equator. Hence Martians are covered with a white polar fur from head to foot. A rare atmosphere conducts odors but poorly, hence the elephantine nose, which goes to the odor, as the odor can't come to the Martian.

As already mentioned, due to the poor atmosphere, it is exceedingly cold on Mars, except at the equator. Even here it is freezing. Hence Martians are probably covered from head to foot with a white polar fur. A rare atmosphere conducts odors but poorly. We thus may expect the man on Mars to have an elephantine nose, which goes to the odor, as the odor can't come to the Martian.

The Martian must certainly have stopped all bodily work millions of years ago; machines have done his work for ages. His arms thus are weak and thin. But the hands and eyes—the Martian's most important organs—are used and worked constantly and therefore are developed to an undreamed of degree.

He probably has six or more fingers on his hands. Even on earth we have already six-fingered human beings.

His eyes probably can be extended from their sockets at the end of a sort of tentacle, the same as a snail's. This gives the Martian a larger range of vision, without the trouble of moving his head about. As his food is all taken in highly concentrated form and as he cannot talk, the Martian's mouth has shrunk to very small dimensions. Talking in a rarified atmosphere being almost impossible—for there are no sound waves in a vacuum—the Martian communicates by means of his telepathic organ, a sort of sensitive skin stretched between antler-like prominences on top of his huge head. This organ sends out the telepathic waves. The antlers protect the sensitive skin against blows, etc.

This statement need not be ridiculed. Certain animals, such as our ants, have a highly developed telepathic organ. Students of ants know that the killing of one ant will be immediately sensed by others, although ten or more feet distant. And within a few seconds they will have arrived at the spot where the death occurred.

The possibility that Mars is inhabited by strange creatures like that pictured on this page is strengthened by the fact that in other parts of the universe life persists under the most extreme conditions imaginable. Certain species of fish may be frozen stone hard for days, and will revive after thawing out.

Thirty years ago it was strenuously denied that there could be living creatures at the bottom of the ocean, where such tremendous pressure exists, as well as intense cold. It was argued that no living thing could withstand such enormous pressure as 12,000 pounds to the square inch, or exist in the inky darkness of the ocean depths. But our deep sea expeditions brought up fish from these tremendous depths as signal proof that nature somehow manages to implant life in the most impossible places, under the most unfavorable conditions.

Life-bearing spores have been frozen in a vacuum almost down to the absolute zero. They have been subjected to tremendous hydraulic pressures. Still life continued to be evident after the experiments. This led Svante Arrhenius to believe that such life-bearing spores propelled by the pressure exerted by the sunlight, may float through interstellar space — a vacuum where the temperature is 459 degrees Fahrenheit—till they are deposited upon a celestial body where, in a fertile soil, they are capable of rising to organized life from the lowest and most humble beginning.

The history of evolution throughout nature shows invariably that animal life is the direct product of its environment. In order to survive, nature equips each animal with the necessary organs best suited for its particular environment. Thus the caterpillar is colored green to match the color of the leaves on which he feasts. If he were red in color the birds would prey upon him sooner. The camel can go for weeks without water, there being none or little in the desert. Nature equipped the camel with certain organs so that he needs less water than other animals of his size. The elephant, due to his big size, found it difficult to drink water, which he likes and needs. It was impractical to lengthen his huge head or neck. Instead, his nose grew into a trunk which reaches down to the water, so that the elephant does not have to bend down on his knees.

This all goes to prove that nature, in its effort to accustom life to its environment, will develop the most astonishing and grotesque forms of animal physique and it makes the attempt to picture what the people of Mars are like a perfectly legitimate subject for scientific speculation. Such a being as has been described here is the sort of one Nature would find it necessary to develop in order to meet the peculiar conditions existing on Mars.

Some interesting comparisons given in a recent issue of the Electrical Experimenter help to make clear the wide difference between the conditions prevailing on Mars and the earth and show how certain it is that the Martian must be a very different sort of creature from man.

If a man who weighs 150 pounds here could be suddenly transported to Mars he would find on reaching there that he tipped the scales at only 63 pounds. The shrinkage would be due entirely to the lesser gravitational pull on Mars.

But in return for this reduction in his avoirdupois the visitor to Mars would have certain compensations. He would be able to leap a distance of eleven feet into the air without the slightest difficulty, as compared with a mere four feet here. He would be able to pick up and carry off a weight of 564 pounds as easily as he could 200 pounds here on the earth.

A cannon fired from this earth would have to attain a velocity of five miles a second in order to shoot a projectile into the air so that it would never return. But a projectile fired from Mars at the rate of only a small fraction more than a mile a second would never return to the planet but would become a new satellite.

What scientists term the low velocity of escape is believed to have an important bearing upon the possibility of the planet's possessing and holding atmosphere. Even if Mars were originally clothed with an extensive atmosphere it is believed, according to the pinetic theory of gases, that it is losing it molecule by molecule.



(@) 1913, International Feature Service, Inc.
Great Britain Rights Reserved.

# How a Newport Boarding-House Keeper's Daughter Married into the "400"

## Like a Modern Cinderella Is the Surprising Romance of Dorothy Bateman Who Was Handed Riches, Estates and a Fashionable Husband Just as in the Fairy Books

THE fascinating, Cinderella-like romance of Miss Dorothy Bateman, of Newport, has now reached its happy climax. This fortunate young woman, who was a Newport boarding-house keeper's daughter, inherited unexpectedly a fortune of $500,000 and has now married a distinguished member of the fashionable colony, Dr. Horace P. Beck, with whom she will enjoy a most enviable position in society's Summer capital.

The $500,000 was left to Miss Bateman by that eccentric multi-millionaire Ross Winans, who inherited a vast fortune founded on the construction of the first Russian railroads. Mr. Winans's son, Tom Winans, married Victoria Delgado, a lovely Spanish dancer. She derived additional interest from the fact that her equally lovely sister, Maria Delgado, married that great Indian prince, the Maharajah of Kapurthala, who possesses the world's most precious jewel collection. Victoria Delgado is dead and only recently the Maharanee of Kapurthala won a suit in Paris establishing her right to act as guardian of her deceased sister's children and of their share of the Winans fortune. Many European titled houses are allied to the Winans family. One of Ross Winans's daughters, Beatrice, married the Prince de Bearn-Chalais, of France.

Ross Winans possessed a splendid mansion on the Ocean Drive at Newport as well as estates in Baltimore and various other parts of the world.

His will divided the bulk of his vast fortune among various members of his family, but left half a million dollars to Dorothy Bateman, a very handsome and striking girl of nineteen, as a reward for "her kind and gentle ministrations to him." Mr. Winans explained in his will that Miss Bateman had taken care of him very kindly at various times when he had boarded with her mother and his legacy was an evidence of his appreciation of her services.

In a letter written to his oldest daughter, Mrs. Gaun Hutton, of Newport, he went into greater detail and urged her to see that his wishes were fulfilled without friction or unpleasant discussion. The contents of this letter were never made public, but Newport was certainly a hotbed of discussion following the publication of the will.

The oldest daughter took her father's side and insisted that he had a perfect right to leave his money as he pleased. The rest of the family wanted to fight the bequest in the open, and for months there was a very pretty split between the two factions. The legacy was paid, however, and then Dorothy Bateman, heiress to more money than she ever dreamed of possessing, set out to realize her ideals.

When her fortune, so surprisingly acquired, was placed in her hand, the young heiress definitely made her plans to become a member of the colony. And in so doing turned her townspeople against her, which was a very sad mistake, indeed, for Dorothy had been born and brought up in the town of Newport. She attended the public schools and her friends were the daughters of the all-year-round residents.

A wide gulf separates the permanent population of the town from the Summer members. The former are never permitted to encroach on the preserves of the latter, except when service of some sort is needed. The two sets of young people never meet or play together, just because "it is never done." The dangers of intermarrying are too great.

Miss Bateman did not realize the impossibility of crossing the gulf, but in the innocence of her soul assumed that her fortune would make people forget that her mother kept boarders.

Her first step was to make her mother give up her business; then she did over the old home, making a very attractive place of it, with its wide tree-shaded grounds and dignified setting. Her second step was to drop many of the girls who had been her friends since childhood. Of course, they hated her and called her a snob.

Then she joined the Casino and attempted to take part in the tennis games. The girls of the colony froze her out time and again, but she pluckily stuck to her guns all that first Summer. Finally, some of the impecunious men in the colony took her up and it was no secret that more than one asked her to marry him. But none of these men could have given her any social standing, for they were only tolerated by society because they could dance and play around with its idle women.

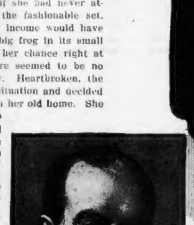
Financially, while Dorothy's fortune did not compare with the usual Newport wealth, it made her attractive to these male vampires. They were always glad, when there was no one in sight, to hop into her expensive, long-bodied roadster, and go motoring on the island roads. They were equally glad to drop in at "Bateman's" for lunch or tea, but they never joined her at Bailey's Beach, nor during the crowded hour at the Casino.

As might have been expected, before the Summer ended the heiress was a very lonely young woman. She did not like any of the men who tagged her around, knowing them to be fortune-hunters, and even the women who had boarded with her mother would hardly bow to her. Bellevue avenue and the Cliffs ignored her cruelly. Then she turned desperately back to her girlhood friends and they would have nothing to do with her.

Bereft of all friends, the unhappy heiress spent the Winter travelling; but back she went to Newport in the Spring, determined to win out in her fight. Again she failed. By this time she was so disgusted with her experiences that she gave up going to the fashionable resorts.

There were plenty of nice townspeople who would have gladly welcomed her in the beginning, in fact, she could have made herself leader in the town society if she had never attempted to enter the fashionable set. Her $30,000 yearly income would have made her a very big frog in its small pool, but she lost her chance right at the start, and there seemed to be no second opportunity. Heartbroken, the heiress faced the situation and decided to break away from her old home. She could have gone to a distant city and formed new friends but her spirit was cruelly wounded by her bitter experience, and she found herself hating all men and women.

In her heart she hated the men the most, because they had courted her only for her fortune. During the weeks when she was planning to run away from every one and everything, Dorothy took long, lonely rides out in the country in her motor. One day she stopped for lunch on a rocky point near Little Compton, a quaint little hamlet many miles from Newport. The beauty of the sea and woods appealed to her troubled spirit and she suddenly decided to bury herself there until her wounds were healed.



**Dr. Horace P. Beck, the Fashionable Newport Physician, Who Has Married Miss Bateman.**

And now we enter upon the third phase of her life, a phase that was to last more than two years and be the prelude to her great adventure. One day the fisherfolk and lobster men along the shore were surprised to see smoke curling up from a charming rustic bungalow nestled among the rocks. A big police dog stalked sedately along the veranda and there were piles of luggage in the background. A slim young girl in a short skirt and gay sweater flitted in and about the place. The heiress had taken possession of her new home and was facing a new life.

All Winter she stayed and her gay little figure was soon a familiar sight among the rocks. She made no friends and had no callers. Little Compton began to call her the hermit and left her severely alone.

"I reckon she didn't know about the doc," drawled an old fisherman, "and I bet he don't know nuthin' bout the gal. If he hears he won't be liable to like it."

And so the man enters the story and threatens to disrupt this Garden of Eden with its lovely little Eve. No, the "gal" did not know about the "doc." She realized that some one must live in the Summer in the camp just across from the big rock, thoughts were filled with too much bitterness for her even to think of the future.

However, the Summer came and with it the "doc," who honestly swore when he found the neighboring rock occupied by the new bungalow. He, too, was a hermit, made so by an unhappy love affair, of which all the fisherfolk were aware.

Dr. Horace Beck was a Newporter, one of the foremost physicians in the town and a prominent man of affairs. His practice was divided between the townspeople and the wealthy Summer residents. Two years before our romance begins he had been deeply in love with a girl, who jilted him the week before they were to have been married. She was a Summer girl who visited among the families on the cliffs, and she had met the physician first in a professional way. Their engagement lasted six months, but it was against her family's wishes, and in the end she broke his heart.

This turned the doctor into a morose creature, who hated Newport in the Summer. He could stand it during the Winter, when his professional and public duties kept him from brooding. But in the Summer, when the girl's friends returned, he fled to the camp he had built years before on the rocks. For two Summers he lived by himself in his cabin, going back and forth to Newport when duty called, but never having any company in his lonely hut by the sea. For him romance was dead. He hated girls and avoided even the country people about him.

The heiress hated her neighbor because he was a man, and all men were fortune hunters just as all women were cats. She wouldn't run away, either. The man could keep his distance and she had Fritz, her dog. That was final.

Early morning swimming is delightful. The girl always rose with the dawn and swam under the rays of the rising sun. Well, the doctor did the same. Every morning a red-capped figure slipped into the water from one side of the big rocks and a dark-haired figure slipped off the other side. They had the ocean to themselves, but they never spoke. And, of course, neither knew the other was about. Later two people ate separate breakfast, still later one hermit went off to fish while the other sat on the rocks—and watched the fisherman. She knew every time he had a bite and every time he made a killing. But the man did not know this. He soon realized, though, that he caught more fish when she was on the rocks, because he did not have to keep one eye on the bungalow to see why she did not appear.

The leaven was working. They ignored each other, but as the weeks went by each was overwhelmingly conscious of the other.

"Another fortune hunter!" was the girl's comment.

"Another false girl!" was the man's answer.

Doctor Beck, being a Newporter, knew all about Dorothy and her legacy, but being a busy man he had not heard all the details of her assault on society. He supposed she was grieving, like himself, over a heart-breaking sorrow.

Gradually he found himself wishing that he knew the man and might kill him.

"He's doing the crawl," she murmured. "I wonder if he ever will get me?"

Of course, the hermit got her. He explained later that she could have made it herself when she got her nerve back, and so he did not save her life. But she knew he had, and told him so. After that they took their morning swims together and caught fish from the same boat and read from the same book. And a few short weeks ago they came to New York and were married, and are going to live happily ever after.

The doctor was no fortune hunter. The heiress's fortune made no difference to him, for he is well off and can have all the wealthy patronage he wishes. The half million left by Mr. Winans has been settled on the bride, and her husband will not even let her pay any share of the household expenses. He has a charming house in Newport, where, as his wife, Dorothy will assume an excellent social position, and next Summer there is every evidence that she will be on cordial terms with the women of the colony who snubbed her last year.

They will forgive her for trying to become a part of their set. It remains to be seen whether Mrs. Beck intends to forgive them!

**"In the days of hard work at the boarding-house she dreamed of that circle of luxury and gayety that was so near and yet so far."**

**The Maharanee of Kapurthala, Whose Deceased Sister Married Ross Winans's Son, and Who Was Somewhat Perturbed by the Winans Bequest to Miss Bateman Because It Diminished the Estate of Her Little Nephew and Niece.**



**Miss Dorothy Bateman, the Newport Boarding-Housekeeper's Daughter, Who Received $500,000 Under Ross Winans's Will and Has Now Married Dr. Horace P. Beck, the Favorite Physician of the Fashionable Summer Colony.**

(C) 1910, International Feature Service, Inc.

Great Britain Rights Reserved.

# Searching For America's Mysterious Master

## Astonishing Exploits of a Nation-Wide Organization of Highly-Skilled Pro

## a Criminal Genius Whose Startling Achieve

## Outmatch Anything in Detec

## in the Motion Pic

### CHAPTER XIV.—*The Master Criminal's Most Insolent Defiance*

*(Continued from Last Sunday)*

Copyright, 1919, by International Feature Service, Inc.

ON previous weeks many amazing exploits of the master criminal and his organization of cunning rogues which is collecting its nefarious toll from almost every industry and social class throughout the United States have been related on these pages. But the most extraordinary of all revelations of the cunning and vicious power of this master thief and his confederates remains to be told on this page to-day.

We have seen how this efficient band of crooks, with its thoroughly business-like organization, its board of directors, its legal department, its financial bureaus, its "fences" and its experts in crime, directs the huge army of thieves and "confidence" men and women who constantly are at the command of the master mind which has gathered them together—with murder, blackmail and abduction common tricks of their pernicious trade. We have seen, too, how the net is slowly being closed about him and his chief aides by the extraordinary precautions being taken by the different detective organizations formed by the owners of department stores, heads of the fur and silk and jewelry industries and financial interests, and devoted wholly to ferreting out this dangerous band.

And as this page goes to press there has just been revealed the most daring of all of the master criminal's defiances of the law and the forces opposed to his operations.

With dramatic insolence he has reached his hand actually beyond the chambers of the judges of the criminal courts to defy every process of the law by which it is hoped to some day drive him from his work. Skilled police officials and master detectives succeeded not long ago in putting behind prison bars two men and two women who, they had evidence to believe, belonged to the "inner circle" of the master criminal's chief expert shoplifters. For many weeks each one of these four persons were "shadowed" by the detectives, who took night and day turns in keeping them under surveillance. They were seen to ply their trade in the big stores of the city, and, instead of being arrested, they were followed to their rendezvous.

When the proper time came the detectives gave each other a sign, and one by one these four of the master criminal's aides were arrested. They were taken into custody separately, and were not allowed to communicate with each other. Each prisoner was then made fully acquainted with the evidence gathered by the detectives of their recent thefts from the great department stores and jewelry stores of the city. They were completely convinced that there was no way for them to escape heavy penitentiary sentences. And then they were told that if they wished clemency they could earn it only by revealing the identity of the master criminal, the chief of their band, or that of his aides through whom his hiding place might be revealed.

As is customary with the master criminal's agents, each of the four refused to talk. But the detectives expected this. Bondsmen, supposedly representing the "financial department" of the master criminal's organization, promptly came forward with money with which to bail the prisoners out of jail. The detectives had expected this, so they had filed with the proper court clerks scores of separate charges against each prisoner, each covering some individual theft during the time the four were under surveillance. Each one of these charges thus filed away with the court records required the deposit of a separate bond before the prisoner could eventually gain his release awaiting trial. This course of proceedings was resorted to by the detectives because they knew that if the prisoners gained their release under bail they would promptly disappear and simply forfeit their bonds.

The four prisoners were left in the custody of the Court of Special Sessions of New York City, the criminal branch of the State's courts.

A week later William E. Murphy, superintendent of the Stores Mutual Protective Association, the detective organization of the department stores of the Eastern cities, called at the Tombs, New York's famous city prison, to see the prisoners. He was astounded to learn that each of the prisoners had been released five days before "under bail" by order of the Court of Special Sessions.

Detective Superintendent Murphy quickly called for the prison records—the documents which relate each step in the history of each prisoner. Here he saw duly entered in the regular form that each prisoner had been released under bail provided for one charge alone—that the records did not show that there were any additional charges at all—only one for each prisoner.

The order for the release of the prisoners appeared to be duly signed by the Chief Justice of the Court of Special Sessions.

Superintendent Murphy hurried to the offices of the chief clerk of the Court of Special Sessions, where the additional charges had been placed on file for the attention of the Chief Justice. Here again the records astounded Mr. Murphy. There was no trace of the papers in which the additional charges had been made. In their stead was an entry showing that but one charge had been filed in each case, and that bail had been applied for, furnished and approved, and that the prisoners had been released pending trial.

Mr. Murphy now called for the criminal docket book of the court, the book in which all entries are made in connection with each prisoner's case, the date of his arrest, his preliminary examination and the date set by the court for his trial. Here there was another astounding disclosure. Not only had the prisoners been released upon bail, with but one charge appearing against each, but, according to this docket, the case of each one had been called for trial by the Chief Justice, each prisoner had appeared and pleaded guilty and had been granted what the courts call a "suspended sentence," which means that each one had been allowed by the Chief Justice to go free upon promise to never be guilty of breaking the law again.

On another page of the criminal docket there was an entry of the amount of bond placed in the custody of the court for each prisoner. Superintendent Murphy turned to this page. On it was the most interesting revelation of all. After each prisoner's name was entered what purported to be an order from the Chief Justice himself directing that in each case the amount of the bond deposited by the bondsman be returned to him by the City Chamberlain, and the record showed that this had been done!

The Chief Justice was as astonished as was Mr. Murphy when these things were called to his attention. He had issued no orders in the matter, and did not know the prisoners had been released! His private records showed that they had not yet been called for trial, and that no applications for bail had been filed. His name had been forged!

It was soon apparent that the master criminal had done the seemingly impossible thing—a thing never before attempted. His agents had found the way to reach into the closely guarded record vaults of the Court of Special Sessions, and one by one forge the innumerable records which their plan to liberate the four important prisoners made necessary. It was not one document alone that had to be altered, but a score or more of them, each kept in a different place in the court house, and even this was not sufficient, since some of the files had to be abstracted entirely and destroyed lest they disprove, by their presence in the record room, the forgeries on the other records.

It was no simple burglary or affixing of signatures. Before the release of any one of the four prisoners was effected eight separate court documents had to be filled in, stamped with the usual insertions by rubber stamp, and to each the name of some court or prison official signed. And to each had to be affixed the seal of the officer supposedly issuing it. The forgers had to gain access to these blank documents, make rubber stamps and temporarily abstract the seals of the different officials.

Of course, the most most brazen part of this accomplishment was the forging of orders for the return of the bond money.

No writer of fiction ever has imagined such criminal effrontery as this. If he had, no one would have believed it could be done.

Of all the enemies of the master criminal among the great organizations which have been formed to systematize the hunt for him and his principal aides there is none more dangerous to him and his band than a beautiful young woman, scarcely out of her teens, who since she was put upon the trail of the chief of the shoplifters has made herself the most famous woman detective in the world.

This is Miss Amelia de Santis, who, although she weighs slightly more than 112 pounds, has made the record of two thousand arrests during the last twelve months, almost half of these arrests being of men, many of them large and burly enough to carry her away under their arm.

As an illustration of what goes on in the average department store almost any day of the month, so quietly and efficiently that no honest customer may observe, here is a page from the notebook of this young woman detective, on which she has written down a brief account of her activities in a single day.

The date of the page is October 22, 1919. The store to which Miss de Santis was that day detailed is one of the largest of the world's department stores and of an international reputation, serving as many as fifteen thousand customers each day.

"Morning—Was notified this morning that all stores in Boston yesterday morning suffered shoplifting raids in their waist departments. No thefts in afternoon at these stores. This indicated that the raiders had left Boston during the day for some other city to repeat waist raids before alarm spreads. Expect them here. Put two assistants behind the waist counters to serve as clerks.

"10:25 o'clock—Notified by floor superintendent that black lace dress blouse, imported, had disappeared from counter D and three silk and lace blouses taken from counter E; value $196. Thefts unobserved. Received telephone from headquarters that Wanamaker's and Lord & Taylor's both had lost waists. Evidently large band of raiders at work.

"10:55—Elderly woman with young daughter appeared at counter D, asking for dress blouse to go with dress skirt. Daughter carried box such as suits are packed in for delivery to customers. Noticed that box was marked from Altman's store, but was not tied as Altman's packers tie suit boxes. Watched girl and observed her slipping expensive waists which mother had examined and laid aside into this box through slit cut in side she held next her legs. Mother finally purchased inexpensive waist and left counter with daughter, saying she would return by time waist was wrapped for her change and parcel. Went into another aisle and left store. I followed and accosted them on sidewalk.

"Mother at first indignant. Created scene and told crowd I was molesting her. Had to struggle against two men who came to her assistance, but held both mother and daughter till police answered my whistle. Later elderly woman was identified as Julia Demming, dangerous shoplifter. Girl new pupil. Held for trial.

"11:30—Returned to waist counter and found five waists had disappeared during my absence, despite assistants behind counter. Value, $210.

"12:00—While two counter girls were off for lunch young woman who had purchased an imported French blouse and was looking for another of the same high value suddenly fainted, with epileptic symptoms. Was expensively gowned and caused great commotion at counter, the clerks rushing to aid her and keep away curious customers. I became suspicious of her because of number of diamond rings she wore, indicating poor breeding, not in keeping with class of goods she was purchasing.

"Signalled my assistants behind counter and withdrew to cash girl's cage to overlook counters. Saw two men among onlookers rapidly secreting waists and expensive linen collar sets from among goods which were being displayed to this and other purchasers, when woman fainted. Rang alarm and floorwalkers were assembled at door when these two men started out. They separated, but assistant watched one while I stopped other on the sidewalk. He struck me and started to run, but I held to his coat sleeve till floorwalkers reached us and overpowered him. Second one escaped in the excitement by also hitting my assistant, who could not hold onto him. Part of goods recovered. Loss with second man approximately $700. Later reported that some one else operated while woman was fainting and took Worth blouse from counter F. Value $98.

"Afternoon—Raiders operating now apparently are making much use of children. Young woman accompanied by boy about nine stopped at Counter E. Woman examined waists, but did not purchase. Then went to counter F for Irish linen waist. Did not purchase, but an assistant believed waists had disappeared. I followed pair to jewelry counter. Woman looked at goods, but did not purchase. Thought she recognized me from waist counter, so changed hat and suit coat and met pair at glove counter. Here saw woman take four pairs long kid gloves and secrete in her muff. Followed them to other counters and stopped her when she left store. She was indignant and volunteered to be searched. Took her to private office, where waists, two gold bracelets and gloves were found in pockets of boy's overcoat. Woman at once scolded boy and declared he must have stolen them and that she would whip him when they got home. I insisted upon arrest, as I had seen woman steal the gloves. Boy was sent to Children's Society, where he confessed woman was not his mother, but had been teaching him to steal from store counters. He had been told to say he took goods if caught, woman expecting release upon promise to whip him."

Members of the Jewellers' Association, which was organized as one of the forces to fight the master criminal's activities, were alarmed late in the Summer by two reports, a few days apart, of two startling thefts, one of a magnificent pearl pendant, valued at $18,000, and the other of a huge emerald banquet ring, valued at $48,000, from the stores of members of the association in Pittsburgh and Philadelphia.

One of the largest of the New York jewelry stores at

*Miss Amelia de Santis, one of the most famous of women store detectives, with her extensive wardrobe of disguises and as she appears in some of them. From left to right—As a fashionable customer; next with white wig and widow weeds; her profile, and, behind it, a disguise as a woman of the tenement districts; two other use girl, different de Santis has afternoon to t suspicious.*

# Criminal

## fessionals Led by ments tive Novels or tures

*ul disguises, and last how she looks as a shop is can be from her other impersonations. Miss isguised herself as often as eleven times in one p a single shoplifter of whom she had become*

*"I caught myself looking into a small hand mirror which she held in her hand—apparently merely studying the tilt of her hat.. She really was watching me. * * * Not till many days afterward did we discover that at that moment she had hidden the brooch in a mass of chewing gum she had stuck beneath the counter—and from whence later a confederate took it."*

once sent for the woman detective, Miss de Santis, and asked her to give her attention to their store for a few weeks and watch their counters carefully. All other stores also increased their detective forces, expecting the hieves to make their appearance in the metropolis or later.

rcely twenty-four hours after she had been called o take up her station in the store Miss de Santis, ring from counter to counter and in and out of the frequently changing her outer costume so even the in the store might not recognize her as being stamong them, saw talking to the floor superintendehly gowned young woman, whose poise and bearpected that of a wealthy young matron accustomed ease and luxuries.

o not know why I took a second look at this young ," Miss de Santis says, "unless I was prompted by th sense which becomes an important item in the ent of the successful and experienced detective. sked the superintendent who the young woman e. He referred to a card she had given him and a name, adding that she had presented herself by e name of a prominent customer of the store, and ing that she was from Chicago, visiting New York, at one of the most expensive hotels, and that she ending to purchase several valuable pieces of later to be given by her father as a wedding gift nger sister about to be married.

e store superintendent was quite impressed by the oman, was confident in her representations, and she would make some heavy purchases. Without him my intention, I telephoned to the New York whom this customer had mentioned, and learned that she knew of no such person and had recommended our store to no one from Chicago or elsewhere. communicated with the hotel referred to by the oman, and learned that no such name was on the

rrying down into the store again, I found her still earl counter, engaged in an animated discussion clerk over the comparative beauty and desirabilferent rings and brooches set with the most costly d precious stones.

he jewelry store there never in such a crowd of s as in in a department store. It is not so easy about among the visitors and not be observed by ig under suspicion. I moved close to the woman at the pearl counter, engaged another clerk in conversation over an apparently intended purchase and watched her closely.

"That same sixth sense of mine told me after a moment or two that the woman had noticed me and suspected me. I did not catch her even so much as glancing my way, and yet I felt that she was nervous about me.

"I hurried to my office, put on a different suit, changed my hat, veil and gloves, picked up a parasol, and within five minutes was downstairs again and seated once more close to the woman I watched. But she moved from counter to counter. She made no purchases at any counter, each time professing to be unable to make up her mind between the choice of this stone or that one, a sapphire bracelet or a platinum strung rope of jade. She asked the various clerks to put certain articles aside for her, promising to return after she had visited other parts of the store.

"I was convinced after half an hour of watching her that the woman was one of the band. I summoned assistants, who kept her under surveillance while every few moments I left her side and changed my disguise. Eleven times during almost two hours I changed as far as outward appearances went from one customer into another. I could easily see that the woman was puzzled, as she grew suspicious of me in two or three of my disguises, but I knew she did not suspect that the person she thought to be observing her was always the same one.

"At one counter I moved in behind her as a fashionably dressed young woman, with a large picture hat with a brim that dropped over my right shoulder.

"I took up my place to her left, so she could not see my face for the brim of my hat, and yet from under my hat I could watch every move of her hands. At another counter I sat next to her, apparently a schoolgirl giggling with the clerk over the selection of a small diamond solitaire—astonished to find that such little things cost so much money. At still another counter, while she handled several samples from a tray of cameo-cut sapphire bracelets, each one of fabulous cost, I was close by, with a gray wig covered with a thick veil, a black modish wrap and huge furs, the wrap and furs completely disguising my rather slender figure and the veil hiding any wisps of my own hair that might stray from under the wig I had so hastily thrown on.

"At last the woman returned to the first counter she had visited, the one where pearls were displayed exclusively.

"I felt that the climax of the afternoon was at hand. I soon joined her at the pearl counter, this time in a smartly tailored business suit, a small, trim hat and with ungloved hands on which sparkled a huge diamond I had hastily picked up at the diamond counter. I allowed her to hear me tell another salesman that I wanted a pearl that could be set with this diamond, and thus, for the moment at least, distracted her attention from my face to the big gem which I allowed the clerk to examine on my outstretched hand.

"The woman asked to see again the pearl-encrusted brooches she had first looked at. She dallied at the counter twenty minutes or more. Suddenly I realized that a little mysterious tableau was being performed.

"I had moved away from the counter for a moment, following the clerk who was waiting upon me. I turned as soon as I could to look at my suspicious customer, and caught myself looking directly into a small hand mirror which she held in her hand, with her elbow resting upon the showcase, in such a way that while apparently she was merely studying her own eyebrows or the tilt of her hat, she really was watching me reflected in the mirror. I saw that the clerk had stepped away from her for a moment—I could tell instantly that she had made a purchase of some kind and that the salesman was reaching under the counter a few feet away for his sales book.

"There was a moment or two of conversation, the taking down of a name and address, the passing of money which the woman took from a well-filled handbag, the ceremony of issuing final instruction to the salesman for engraving to be placed upon whatever it was that had been purchased, and then the woman graciously bowed her head to the clerk and strolled away. She did not hurry; instead she stopped for a moment to glance as with some fleeting interest into a showcase passed on the way toward the store exit.

"I turned my eyes toward the salesman she had just left. Instantly I sensed something wrong. The clerk was looking down into his showcase with a puzzled, anxious expression. I rushed up to the counter, regardless now of my pose as a customer.

"'Quick—what is it? I am your store detective—what is wrong?'" I whispered sharply.

"'A pearl brooch—one of the best we have—twenty perfect sets—$60,000—I can't see it!' he stammered.

"That was enough for me. I ran the risk of the clerk being wrong. I reached the store exit just as the woman was sauntering out. I took her by the arm. 'Excuse me, madame,' I said, 'but the salesman would like to see you—you forgot something.'

"Of course, she resented my 'presumption,' but she re-entered the store with me, very haughtily. By now the salesman had summoned the superintendent. It was definitely established that the pearl brooch was gone. And the clerk had seen it last in the hands of this customer who had once thought she might buy it. Instead she had bought another brooch, paying a hundred dollars deposit on it and asking that it be held until the next day and engraved on the gold back, when she would call for it.

"I was not slow now in making a direct accusation. The woman was almost hysterically indignant. She insisted upon being ushered into a private office at once that she might be searched. I gave her no reason to repeat the demand. In the superintendent's office my women assistants and myself searched her thoroughly, every garment and her hair. The woman remained haughtily silent while we subjected her to these humiliations without compunction, for I knew she had taken that brooch—but we couldn't find it.

"Crestfallen, we had to see her walk out of the store at liberty.

"I followed her and kept her under surveillance for days, even following her to another city, but she knew she was being watched, and our trouble was useless. Needless to say she did not return for the article she had partly purchased.

"Not until many days afterward did we discover how she had stolen the brooch—solving a number of other mysterious jewel thefts, by the way.

"Of course, the clerks in the store were much excited when the story got around of the lost $60,000 brooch. Even the janitors discussed it among themselves, and if was one of these some time afterward who was struck by an 'inspiration' when, giving the store counters an extra careful cleaning, he discovered a deposit of ordinary chewing gum under an outer edge of the pearl counter showcase, down where it could only have been placed there by some one sitting in one of the customers' counter stools. The janitor stooped to the floor that he might see the mound of gum and scrape it off with his knife. His 'inspiration' came when he saw the gum deposit shaped into a mold, as if round stones—pearls—had been imbedded in it. He called the superintendent's attention to the gum deposit the next morning, and we at once recognized the traceries of the missing pearl brooch. The woman had reached under the counter while she sat there, stuck it to the hidden ledge underneath with chewing gum and then walked away, satisfied that she could not be detained if searched and found not to have the missing jewel in her possession. A confederate must have come into the store the next day and, seated at the counter, must have torn the brooch out of its gum depository and thus got it out of the store.

"Of course, no such trick ever can be successful again—we have taken the necessary precautions—and that is our hope of eventually catching the master criminal himself, by gradually thwarting his many ruses until the net is drawn so closely that he cannot escape."

*(The End.)*

# My Newest Street Suits

## by Lady Duff Gordon

*A Duvetyn Suit Which Is Reminiscent of the Russians.*

*This Costume Discloses the Possibilities That Inhere in Velvet.*

*An Engaging Suit of Duvetyn Trimmed with Sealskin.*

LADY DUFF-GORDON, the famous "Lucile" of London, and foremost creator of fashions in the world, writes each week the fashion article for this newspaper, presenting all that is newest and best in styles for well-dressed women.

Lady Duff-Gordon's Paris establishments brings her into close touch with that centre of fashion.

Lady Duff-Gordon's American establishments are at Nos. 37 and 39 West Fifty-seventh street, New York, and No. 1400 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.

### By Lady Duff-Gordon (*"Lucile"*)

THE street costume is the key to a woman's wardrobe. If that be smart you may be sure that a view of her clothes closets will reveal an array, small or large, of smart, suitable gowns. If her street attire is passe and dejected looking her afternoon gown, her evening gown will correspond with it.

On this page you see three models of smart street apparel. The large left-hand figure is a duvetyn suit reminiscent of the Russian. It has a double skirt. The lower, scant and straight, is untrimmed. The upper, the hem of which reaches within six inches of the edge of the first skirt, has twice the fulness of the first. The hip-length, flaring jacket is trimmed with bands of lamb's wool. The cap and collarette are of the same material as the bands upon the coat. The arrangement of the double rows of lamb's wool on the sleeve at and below the elbow is chic.

The right-hand figure discloses the possibilities of smartness that inhere in velvet. The untrimmed skirt is narrow and slightly draped. A slit at the side of the coat shows a lining of brilliant plaid. The straight collar and wide cuffs are of fox.

The third is an engaging suit of duvetyn trimmed with sealskin. The coat is of slightly full tunic effect. A smart touch is the narrow half belt holding the fulness at the coat sides, which are partly covered by horizontal bands of seal. The wide shawl collar of sealskin strikes a note of luxury.

The well-dressed women of to-day give much thought to footwear that harmonizes with other apparel. There is method in the care they give to shoes, for color harmony makes the foot seem two to three sizes smaller than would a shoe that does not blend with the color scheme of the gown.

Kidskin is the ideal leather for women's fine shoes, because it is soft and pliable and can be made to fit snugly across the instep and around the ankle. There is a shortage of calfskin, which further emphasizes the demand for glazed kid. The smooth surface of kidskin makes a decided appeal. To meet the demands of persons of taste the kidskins are being produced in all the fashionable, blending colors as well as in the well-known white washable kid.

The favorite colors for Fall and Winter are field mouse, beaver brown, various tones of gray, blue, bronze and many brown shades. A popular boot is the nine and a half-inch laced boot, with the Louis heel.

The vogue of what an interested male onlooker called the "smashed-back" hat continues. The small hat, which began as a turban, and, experiencing a change of mind, decided upon a broad, flattened front, is the leader in Fall modes for the street. Their shape is susceptible of many variations in trimming. The hat shown on the middle figure is a smart arrangement of velvet folds.

The turban worn with the velvet suit is a close one, worn low, of velvet, with a trimming of drooping, split feathers. With the lamb's-wool-trimmed suit is worn a simple round turban.



(C) 1919, International Feature Service, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

# The Best of Luck

By Arthur Somers Roche

**Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.**

GERALD MAGEE is penniless and does not know where to look for his next meal. Unable to obtain work in Rockport he is lurking about the railway station in search of some freight car bumper that will give him a free ride out of this inhospitable town. A shifty-eyed stranger suddenly appears out of the evening shadows and thrusts into Magee's hands a mysterious envelope. Just then Silas J. Blake, the wealthy Mayor of Rockport, and his beautiful daughter, Eleanor, pass in their motor car. The stranger adds still further to Magee's amazement by referring to Eleanor Blake as the girl Magee is going to marry. After the stranger has gone Magee opens the envelope and finds twenty $1,000 banknotes.

He disposes of one of the $1,000 banknotes at a pawnbroker's and then proceeds to exchange his tramp's garb for one of prosperity and refinement. After engaging a luxurious suite at the fashionable Hotel Belnord he visits a local newspaper "morgue" under pretense of being a reporter and there learns that Eleanor Blake is engaged to marry Henry J. Madison, the District Attorney who enjoys the reputation of having closed Holberg's well-known gambling house by a raid. The establishment, however, is still open, and Magee visits the place that night. He arrives just in time to prevent Holberg from murdering Tarson for having, as he thinks, "double crossed" him. Tarson had been given a $20,000 bribe for Madison, and it was this money which he handed to Magee, having mistaken the latter for the dishonest District Attorney in disguise. Enraged at his failure to receive the promised bribe Madison later in the night makes a spectacular raid on the gambling house.

"He had just fought the heavyweight champion of the world eighteen savage rounds for the hand of Eleanor Blake. He had just knocked the champion down and the referee was counting the fatal ten when Eleanor herself climbed into the ring and stretched her hands out to him."

Holberg stops the panic-stricken rush of his "guests" for the door by knocking down the first man who tries to pass him. Threatening the crowd with his revolver he orders the steel doors closed to keep the gamblers in and the raiders out until his employees can hide the gambling paraphernalia and thus prevent its being seized as evidence. Just then Tarson recognizes Magee and points him out to Holberg as the man who got the $20,000. Despite Magee's cleverness in tearing out the electric light switch and throwing the place into darkness he is seized by one of Holberg's henchmen and locked in the strong room. There to his amazement he finds Eleanor Blake. She is awaiting the coming of her brother Bob, the assistant district attorney, who planned this raid and promised her a glimpse of it. When Bob fails to appear Eleanor consents to allow Magee to escort her home but they find they cannot get out of the strong room. A few minutes later Holberg and Hadison enter.

Madison has come to try to recover the bribe money which Holberg has convinced him was given to the wrong man by mistake. He is astounded to find his fiancee there. Holberg, however, fails to recognize the Mayor's daughter, and in the angry conversation which follows he reveals to her Madison's crookedness. She in turn reveals to Holberg the fact that Madison was intending to carry out the raid even if he had received the bribe money. The infuriated gambler attacks Madison and Magee, first with blackjack, then with revolver. Magee's life is saved by Eleanor's heroism in seizing Holberg by the arm with which he is about to shoot him. Magee trips and falls unconscious, bleeding from a scalp wound, as he is trying to save Eleanor a blow from Holberg's fist. But the blow never falls, for a bullet from the revolver of the dying district attorney opportunely finds its mark in the desperate gambler. When Magee recovers consciousness on the blood-stained floor beside the two dead men Eleanor is gone but her handkerchief remains bound about his head. Magee returns to his hotel, wondering how he can save Eleanor from the scandal that will follow the double killing.

## CHAPTER VI.—(Cont'd)

*After the Tragedy.*

HE had just fought the heavyweight champion of the world eighteen savage rounds for the hand of Eleanor Blake. He had just knocked the champion down and the referee was counting the fatal ten when Eleanor herself climbed up into the ring and stretched her hands out to him. Just then the bell, denoting the end of the round, began to clang. It clanged and clanged and clanged.

Mr. Magee sat up in bed, cursing softly. His head ached, his eyes were sore from lack of sleep. If there had been something handy he would have thrown it at the jangling telephone on the wall. As there was no missile within reach he groaned, got up out of bed and walked to the instrument.

"Well, who is it? The King of Spain?"

It was the voice of the night clerk who answered.

"No, sir, not him, but it's Police Captain Kenton and he's on his way up, and I'm tipping you off because you're ace-high with me. Thought you might want to stow something away, or"——

"Much obliged," said Mr. Magee.

He hung up the receiver and stared stupidly about his room. He couldn't have slept more than three hours, for the night clerk most probably was relieved from duty at eight. He was tired, worn out and in no shape to talk with a police captain. But—on the door of his parlor came a peremptory knock.

Mr. Magee scrambled into shoes, coat and trousers and walked through the parlor, opening the door a trifle. It was immediately pushed open the whole way, and a large man, red of face, beady of eye and imposing of chest and paunch, attired in a plain blue suit, entered the room. He slammed the door shut behind him.

"You're the guy that calls himself Jerry Magee, eh?" said the visitor.

"My name is Gerald Magee," said that gentleman, calmly.

The police captain grunted; he walked heavily through the parlor and sat down upon the edge of the bed in the next room.

"Might as well make myself comfortable," he said. "Any guy with nerve enough to jump from boin' it to the Belnord probably'll have to be shown."

He drew a cigar from his waistcoat pocket, bit the end from it, lighted a match and, between the first puffs, remarked, "I'm Captain Kenton, of the police, Mr. Magee."

"Too bad I'm not the commissioner," said Mr. Magee, "so that I could have you broken. However—what do you want, captain?"

"Twenty thousand round iron men; twenty thousand paper wafers; twenty thousand little plasters that'll drive dull care away. The cush, Mr. Magee, the cush. I'm a man of few words, sir. Money is half my vocabulary. Klick in."

Mr. Magee found a cigarette in his coat pocket. He lighted it.

"Self-defense, captain," he remarked, apologetically. "That cigar of yours is a six-cylinder one, you know."

"Yep. It's strong; so am I. I'm captain of the police, Mr. Magee. Is the twenty thousand too heavy for you to pass to me? Shall I come and take it off you?"

"Not unless you're in fine shape, captain," said Mr. Magee. "I prefer to hear you talk. You talk so soothingly. I love to hear a man talk about money in the morning."

"I love the name of it morning, noon and night," said the captain. "But you're all tired out, Mr. Magee. You ain't had your beauty sleep. If you'll kindly indicate the spot where the coin is cached I'll just be on my way."

"Oh, don't hurry, captain," said Mr. Magee, politely. "I'm a student of dreams, myself. Where do you get 'em? From that pill you're smoking?"

Captain Kenton crossed his knees. He drew complacently on his cigar. "I hate to play with amateurs," he said. "Before you boed it around I'll bet you was a highstepper, Mr. Magee. I'm glad of it; I hate it when it comes too easy. However, sir, you've called, and you got a right to see my cards. Here they are!"

He tapped one stubby, blunt forefinger against the other.

"I'll just check off my cards to you, Mr. Magee. First, twenty thousand dollars that should have gone from Holberg to District Attorney Madison went to a vag near the Union Station. Coarse work, very, but Madison was a cautious guy. He wanted to get the coin himself, didn't trust any go-between of his own, and still he had to be all to the leary about how he got it. Had the acting bug bad, he did. Still, that's no crime. What is a crime is that that vag still has the money when I'm needin' just twenty thousand to buy me a steam yacht. Well, that's card one. Here's card two."

"Just a moment, captain," interrupted Mr. Magee. "Where did you get all this stuff about twenty thousand dollars, anyway?"

"I was mighty curious why Madison went back with Holberg to the house after the raid," said the captain. "But, of course, bein' as Madison could have me broke I asks no questions. But when I learns that Madison and Holberg are dead, why, I question the guy closest to Holberg, askin' him if there's any reason why they should fight. The guy's name is Tarson; he slips me the whole story; all about his mistake. Clear?"

"Perfectly lucid," assented Mr. Magee. "And your second card?"

"Blair, one of the croupiers, had hold of the card that you presented at Holberg's that night. It was signed by the night clerk of this hotel. Didn't take much headwork to find you, did it?"

"Oh, I think it was quite clever of you," said Mr. Magee. "But, still, you know"——

"Card three," announced Kenton. He rose from the bed and opened the bedroom door. He leaned out and beckoned. A moment later the pimply-faced youth of Rosenbaum's pawnshop stood in the doorway. The captain jerked a finger at Mr. Magee.

"This the guy?" he asked.

"The very one, so help me, Jac"——

"Beat it, and remember that if you open your trap I'll settle you," said the captain. He slammed the door upon the pimply-faced youth and turned to Mr. Magee. "How's that?" he asked.

"Three in a row," admitted Mr. Magee, admiringly. "How'd you do it?"

"Oh, I'm not above gettin' mine when the gettin's good," said the captain, pridefully. "All the fences belong to me. I round 'em up every night at nine. Rosenbaum was goin' to hold out on me about changin' a thousand-dollar bill for a tramp, but His Pimples there is sore on his boss, so he slipped me an earful last night. I made old Rosie hand me a century of that good graft and threatened to send him to the rockpile if I ever heard of his holdin' out on me again. Neat, eh?"

"Rather lucky, I think," said Mr. Magee. "What else?"

"Ain't them enough?" queried the captain, harshly. "I got you dead to rights. I know you got twenty thousand of Holberg's money. Holberg didn't leave any heirs, and if he did I'm not above tellin' you they'd wait a long time for this bit. It's mine; do you hand it over now?"

Mr. Magee yawned. "What'll you do if I don't—never, of course, admitting for a moment that you're within seven miles of the truth?"

"It's all true enough," chuckled the captain. "But what'll I do if you don't come across now? Why, I'll just show you my fourth card. You're under arrest for the double murder of Aaron Holberg and Henry J. Madison! Nix! Don't laugh. I got the motive—you wanted to hang on to that bankroll. The opportunity—they had you in a room and you done 'em up. Don't laugh."

"I can't help it," grinned Mr. Magee. "Not that I want the money, but I'm going to give it to Holberg's heirs, if he has any, and if not, to charity. You don't come under the head of charity.

"Why, you strangely obtuse gentleman, think a moment! If you once make a murder charge against me you can't withdraw it the minute I hand over the bankroll to you, and I'm not fool enough to think you can. You'll have to do your best to make the charge stick. And, realizing that, you won't make the charge. Not while I'm alive and you think the twenty thousand is unspent. For once you make the charge you lose your last chance of making me come across. You're bluffing, captain; you've only played four cards and four-flushes never beat me yet."

The captain's lips tightened, his mouth became hard.

"That's right; I've only shown four cards. Here's the fifth:"

He drew it from his pocket. It was the handkerchief which Mr Magee had found bound around his head when he recovered consciousness in the "strong-room" of Holberg's gambling house, and which, evidently, he had left there. Captain Kenton smiled complacently at Mr. Magee's start of surprise.

"I didn't really expect to have to play this card when I came up here, Mr. Magee," said the captain. "I kind of expected to find some bum or a tout. But you're different from any yegg I ever met before. I guess you been a gent in your day, all right. And gentlemen—well, your kind is easy to read, Mr. Magee. There was a girl in that room with you; probably she was mixed up in the shootin'. That's neither here nor there. I don't care about that.

"But you, bein' a gent, ain't goin' to let me trace the laundry marks on this handkerchief; you ain't goin' to let some girl into this scrape—some girl who was there when the killin' took place, because there's blood on this handkerchief, and I found some hairpins on the floor of the room—you ain't goin' to have her dragged into this, charged with bein' accessory to murder, when you can save her by comin' across with twenty thousand that don't belong to you, anyway. Not if I know your kind, you're not. How about it?"

"It makes a fine hand, captain."

*Continued on Next Page.*

(C) 1919, International Feature Service, Inc.

Great Britain Rights Reserved.

# Most Fascinating Surprising Story of the Year

*Continued from Preceding Page*

said Mr. Magee, quietly. "I'll buy that handkerchief from you for—nineteen thousand dollars. That much I can lay my hands on quickly. Nineteen thousand—what's the answer?"

"What you goin' to do with it?" demanded Kenton.

"Burn it," replied Mr. Magee.

The captain thought a moment. Then he passed the handkerchief over to Mr. Magee, who rose to his feet, walked to an ornamental fireplace and promptly applied a match to the bit of lace. He waited until it was entirely consumed. Then he took an envelope from his inside pocket.

"There's eighteen one thousand dollar bills there," he said. He dug into a trousers' pocket and pulled forth a crumpled wad of bills. "And here's the other thousand."

The captain's hands reached greedily for the money. A moment later it was stowed away in his inside clothing. The smile of avarice faded from his lips. He tapped Mr. Magee on the shoulder.

"You hop into your clothes and come along with me," he commanded.

"With you? Where?"

Captain Kenton laughed. "Holberg and Madison may have killed each other, and they may not. You can prove it to a jury if you want."

"You mean that"——

"You're under arrest, charged with murder," snapped Kenton.

Mr. Magee looked dazedly at the police officer. "But—you gave me that handkerchief — you — don't think"——

"I didn't need the handkerchief," grinned Kenton. "I ain't stuck on seein' any woman get it in the neck, at that. But when there's a killin' that may be murder in my district, and I got a perfectly good guy to hang it on—you're too wise a bird, Mr. Magee. Guys like you can always get a comeback on guys like me, even if you do masquerade as a tramp.

"But you can't come back—you won't have time to think about it if you're facin' a capital charge. Come on; there's loads of excitement in the extras about this killin'. I'll get loads of credit for my prompt arrest. Hustle into your clothes, you!"

Mr. Magee stared. "Captain, you're the finest specimen of dog it's ever been my misfortune to meet."

"Say, young man, you keep a civil tongue in your head," snarled the captain. "Or I'll beat your skull in. I've stood for your freshness long as I intend to. If I'd known you had that money right here in this room I'd never have stood for as much as I have. Come along!"

## CHAPTER VII.

*Arrested for Murder.*

MR. MAGEE looked about his cell, disgust written in every line of his face.

"And yet," he said, "I've met perfectly trustworthy hoboes who have assured me that there is no place quite as comfortable as a well-managed jail. I'd like to meet the first man that told me that! I'd like to hang one on his ear."

And Mr. Magee flexed muscular biceps and knotted a fairly capable looking fist the while he strode up and down the narrow limits of his prison. For his predicament was most unpleasant.

True, he felt that he would be freed in time, but—Kenton could make out a pretty strong case, offset though it might by testimony as to the positions of the bodies, the empty cartridge of Madison's gun and Holberg's bloody blackjack. In the end, however, Mr. Magee felt that he must come free. But he'd have to stand a trial.

Kenton was just the conscienceless dog to let an innocent man face a murder charge if so be the arrest redounded to Kenton's credit. And, of course, Kenton would receive great praise for his sleuthing abilities, whether or not Mr. Magee went free. Curse Kenton!

And there were the laws of chivalry that would make Mr. Magee's position so much more precarious. For Mr. Magee could not drag into his own defence the name of Eleanor Blake. To do so would be to mire her, she who had but yielded to a desire for excitement, and had been aided by her brother, who should have known better. Even to save his life Mr. Magee could not ask her to testify in his behalf.

He shrugged his shoulders; he hoped that he'd get some word from her, some evidence that she was not as heartless as her desertion of him in the "strong room" would seem to indicate. It was a hopeless hope, though. Who was he, to aer blinking some gambling feudist, that she should risk her own good name in his behalf?

And yet—Mr. Magee faced the facts: One fleeting glimpse of her and he had known she was the one girl; one-half hour of whispered talk with her and the whole world of Mr. Magee had been reconstructed.

He knew the girl; he knew that neither scandal nor danger would hinder her from coming to his rescue with her story. And so he had sent for no lawyer as yet. Wherefore he scowled upon the turnkey who came to his cell door.

"You're wanted outside," said the turnkey.

"Some shyster, I suppose, who's promised you a slice of the fee if he gets any," snapped Mr. Magee, angrily.

"Don't get gay," replied the turnkey. "And hop along there."

He made Mr. Magee precede him down the celled corridor to a waiting room. There were Captain Kenton and a brisk young man whose hat could not hide his bandaged head.

The police officer scowled at Mr. Magee. The latter smiled.

"Well, my grafting friend, lug up a lawyer for me so you can get what may be left?"

The captain showed his teeth. "This gentleman wants to talk with you."

"Alone," said the bandaged young man, emphatically.

**"You acted like a white man last night. Sis says you got your knockout to save her. You were a man then, but now—Mr. Magee you're a thoroughbred."**

The captain stirred uneasily. "What's the matter with my hearin' it? I'm the one that found him, and"——

"It doesn't take a great deal to reduce a captain to the ranks," snapped the brisk young man. Captain Kenton rose heavily to his feet; he started for the door.

"One moment," said the brisk young man. "Have you told the newspapers anything yet?"

"I only got him in here half an hour ago," snarled Kenton. "I phoned the papers and told 'em I had a great tip on the double murder, but the boys ain't got here yet."

"I see; well, when they do get here you tell them that it was all a mistake."

The captain glared. "Say, what you givin' me? Goin' to try and grab off the space for your office?"

"And it's just as easy to break a common policeman as it is to reduce a captain," said the young man.

Scowling, muttering, Kenton left the room and closed the door behind him. The brisk young man turned to Mr. Magee with a smile. He held out his hand. "Some wallop you got, sir. Almost as fine as my own. I want to shake hands with you. My name is Blake."

Mr. Magee gripped the young man's hand mightily. "I like the name," he said. "Magee might be better for a woman, but"——

"Sit down," said young Blake. He looked Mr. Magee over carefully. "My sister told me that you were—odd, sir. Now, let's get down to cases. I want to get this story straight, so that I can decide just how to go about this matter. Of course, you know I'm district attorney now that Madison, poor devil, has gone beyond."

Mr. Magee nodded. "And my father is mayor," said Mr. Blake. "So you can see I can pull stuff that would be raw for anyone else to try. However, I don't want it to seem too raw. If you'd only been in the house when my sister and I came back in the car"——

"What's that?" demanded Mr. Magee. Young Bluke stared at him.

"Why, when my sister found that Madison and Holberg were dead and that you were unconscious she left. She went to the hospital to tell me the story and get my help. But I wasn't there then. I'd only got a crack on the head and I wasn't going to stick around a hospital. She thought, of course, that I'd gone home, so she went there. But I wasn't there, either. I hadn't wanted to scare dad by letting him see me all bunged up, so I'd gone to the club."

"Why hadn't you come after your sister? She expected you. And it was a fine piece of damn foolishness, you letting your sister go there, anyway."

"That's what people who don't know sis always declare," said young Blake, ruefully. "I've got mine more times than—why—man alive, when sis wants something you just have to let her have it, that's all. Sis has a way of coaxing that"——

"I should imagine so," said Mr. Magee, with a sigh. "But why didn't you get her? Why did you let her stay in that blamed house alone?"

"Why, as soon as I got out of the hospital I phoned our house, thinking that sis would probably have gone home by then, and a stupid maid told me, sleepily, that Miss Eleanor was in her room. So, of course, thinking that she was all right I went to the club. And Eleanor finally found me there and told me what had happened. Well, the first thing was to get you out of the way so that no questions would be asked by any Paul Pry detective. But it took over an hour to get my car; I didn't dare hire an auto—questions might have been asked. And my own car was a bit dismantled, so—when we got there you were gone, and I took sis home. But, of course, I had to be on the job first thing this morning, even though I was supposed to know nothing about Madison's death until I got it over the phone from the office. And as soon as I got to the office I heard that an arrest had been made, and feeling that it was you I came right up here. So now"——

"How is your sister?" inquired Mr. Magee. "I suppose she's terribly upset."

"She's worried a bit about you," said Blake. "But I told her that you'd probably made your getaway. She doesn't know of your arrest yet, of course."

"Worried about me?" echoed Mr Magee. "Good Lord, hasn't she enough—her fiance's death"——

"Madison wouldn't have been her fiance more than another day or so," said Blake. "She—sis had heard things—so had I, being in his office, and—well, if he'd lived it would have only been to get the mitten. Of course, the shock and the blow to her pride—my sister will get over that, Mr. Magee," he finished, coldly. "Now, about yourself. Kenton has told me of the chain of events leading to your arrest. He has a case, of course. And if you're held my sister's part will have to come out, so"——

"Your sister's name will never be mentioned unless by you or her," said Mr. Magee.

"You mean you'll face trial without"——

"Your sister's name will not be mentioned by me," reiterated Mr. Magee.

Blake stared at him. "You're no hobo, sir. You're a—you acted like a white man last night. Sis says you got your knockout to save her. You were a man then, but now—Mr. Magee, you're a thoroughbred. I'd like to shake hands with you again."

**To Be Concluded Next Sunday**

Copyright, 1919, International Feature Service, Inc.


## Dearface from France

Cherished Madamè and Mademoiselle: Dearface is perfectly lovely Parisian Enameline that curtains your face creamily. If wrinkles are appearing, Dearface covers them. Facial imperfections are rendered invisible by the touch of Dearface. Perfectly pure. Prepared in three shades: white for light blondes; flesh for medium; brunette for brunettes. Write me; I will send you a $1.00 jar of Dearface, parcel post, C. O. D., or send 25c for sample jar. **Marie André, 449 West 64th Street, Chicago.**

## Sure Relief

6 BELL-ANS Hot water Sure Relief

**BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION**

FREE BOOK

## Learn Piano

**This Interesting Free Book** shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ at **quarter** usual cost. It shows why one lesson with an **expert** is worth a **dozen** other lessons. Dr. Quinn's famous Written Method includes all of the many important modern improvements in teaching music. Brings **right to your home** the great advantages of conservatory study. For the beginners or experienced players. Endorsed by great artists. Successful graduates everywhere. Scientific, yet easy to understand. Fully illustrated. **All music free.** Diplomas granted. Write to-day for free book. **Quinn Conservatory, Studio 8K; Social Union Bldg., Boston, Mass.**

**Baby Coughs**

require treatment with a remedy that contains no opiates. Piso's is mild, but effective; pleasant to take. Ask your druggist for

**PISO'S**

**for Coughs & Colds**

## La-May Face Powder Is Harmless to the Most Delicate Skin

A specialist has at last perfected a pure face powder that positively will not cause enlarged pores, blackheads, and irritations. In fact, while it is considered the best face powder, it is also a remedy for complexion troubles. It is guaranteed pure and harmless to the most delicate baby skin. **It beautifies wonderfully because** it helps to clear and lighten the skin and protect the complexion **from blemishes. This new kind of** face powder is made largely of an ingredient that skin specialists use in the treatment of the complexion. **And it really stays on better than** any other face powder. Of course, **saying this,** every one knows we mean the famous La-may Powder **(French, Poudre L'Amé). This is the** powder that does not contain starch, rice powder or dangerous white lead to make it adhere. White lead is a deadly poison and rice powder turns into a gluey paste that makes enlarged pores, blackheads and rice powder irritations. **Because La-may** is so pure and because it stays on so well it is now used by **over a million** American women. **All dealers carry** the large box, and many dealers also carry the small trial size. **Be sure** to try La-may. **Then you will really** know a perfect face powder. **You** will be sorry if you take a **substitute.** When you use this harmless powder and see how beautifully it improves your complexion, you will understand why **La-may so quickly becomes the** most popular beauty powder sold in **America. Save this notice.**

**Are Your Eyes Well Framed with Beautiful Eyelashes?**

Have you lovely LASHES and well-formed EYEBROWS? Is your face beautiful "in the eye of the beholder"? It is the duty as well as the privilege of every woman to make herself as attractive as possible, and now she can do so, if she will use that greatest of all beauty aids—

*Lash-Brow-Ine*

for a short time and thus transform her facial beauty in a magical manner. "LASH-BROW-INE" is a pure, delicately scented cream which quickly and safely promotes the growth of EYELASHES and makes them long, silky and lustrous, and makes the EYEBROWS well trained when it is applied for a short time. Hundreds of thousands of women, stars of stage and screen as well as prominent social beauties, use and highly recommend this harmless beautifier because of its wonderful properties. **TWO SIZES, 50c AND $1.**

AT YOUR DEALER'S, or sent direct by mail, in plain wrapper, on receipt of price. THIS ASSURES YOU OF QUICK RETURNED. IN ORDERING remember the full name "LASH-BROW-INE" and always look for the picture of the "LASH-BROW-INE GIRL," same as above, on every package, and avoid disappointment, with imitations.

MAYBELL LABORATORIES, 4323-47 Grand Blvd., Chicago, Ill.



## BOOKKEEPERS

**Cashiers, Office Men Stenographers, Clerks**

Cost Executive and Public Accounting pays $5,000 to $10,000 a year and up. Ambitious men and women are doubling and trebling their earning power by learning accounting. Our home study training by mail under big staff of experts enabled C. W. Albans to the front ledger clerk to auditor with salary increase of 600%. Hundreds have added $1,000 to $2,500 to their yearly incomes. We prepare you from the ground up. Quality while holding your present position. Write now for full particulars and free copy of our book "Accountancy—The Profession That Pays."

**Lasalle Extension University, Dept. 11338HA, Chicago.**

*"The World's Greatest Extension University."*

## *Why she Failed to Pass the Test of Critical Eyes*

***A dozen times a day some little unconscious movement of the hands betrays you***

CAREFULLY gowned, pretty, attractive—yet she failed to pass the test of the other woman's scrutiny.

In the one small index to good breeding that never escapes the eyes of a critical person the girl was deficient. Her hands were not well-groomed.

How often, without our knowledge, each one of us is judged by this test!

A well-known social leader said, "I can overlook shabby clothes but ragged-looking nails and cuticle are something that I cannot forgive anyone. They prove a lack of personal fastidiousness which simply means vulgarity to me."

Yet most of us have learned from sad experiences how impossible it is to keep our own nails well-groomed by the old-fashioned cuticle cutting method. The cuticle only seems to grow up faster, to get thicker and rougher.

For cuticle, like hair, is coarsened and thickened by constant cutting.

It is easy, though, by the proper softening method to keep always a lovely, unbroken nail margin. The Cutex method of caring for the nails and cuticle will keep your nails always charming. With Cutex you just soften the cuticle and wash it off instead of ruthlessly cutting.

Regularly once or twice a week give yourself a Cutex manicure. You will never again be embarrassed when you feel eyes upon your hands. Your nails and cuticle will always be one of your chief charms.

Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 35c and 65c bottles. Cutex Nail White, Cold Cream and Nail Polish are each 35c.

*Carefully push back the cuticle with the end of an orange stick, wrapped in cotton and moistened with Cutex. Wash the hands. The surplus cuticle will disappear, leaving a firm, slender nail base.*

*A touch of Cutex Nail White gives you snowy nail tips. Finish with a brilliant gloss with Cutex Nail Polish.*

### *A complete manicure set for only 20c*

Mail the coupon below with 20c and we will send you a *complete* Midget Manicure Set, which contains enough of each of the Cutex products to give you at least six manicures. Send for it today. Address Northam Warren, Dept. 841, 114 West 17th St., New York City.

*If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 841, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.*

NORTHAM WARREN.
Dept. 841, 114 West 17th St., New York City.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

*Mail this coupon with 20c today for this complete trial manicure set*

(c) 1919, International Feature Service, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

# Health, Beauty And The Home

## Cents or Per Cents?

*By Mrs. Christine Frederick,*

***The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.***

HOW do women estimate? Do they just "keep track of" what they spend, or could they tell, at a moment, what per cent of their income is spent for food, for clothes or for rent? The question was recently discussed among several of us and that is why I am going to take it up here to-day with all my readers.

After talking it over we were forced to decide that most women in the home count in cents, not in per cents. And there is a big difference! A woman will tell you that her food bill is $65 per month, or that she has to pay $4 weekly for her laundry, or some other figure, but she will not, or cannot, tell what percentage of the total income it is that she spends on each of these spends.

Now, keeping track of cents is a good thing—it is what the child does with the pennies he receives for a gift, or in pay for his odd jobs. He knows he has, let us say, twenty-eight cents, and he wants to spend ten cents for candy. He will tell you he has eighteen cents left—but he won't tell you that he is spending almost 50 per cent of his income for candy, because he doesn't see it! And so, really, that woman who can tell only the amount she spends, without understanding its relation to other amounts, is just about in the position of a child as the whole problem of the cost of living.

For, just knowing what she spends in dollars and cents will not enable her to compare her expenditures with any standards as worked out by other groups. Unless she knows the relation of her spending to the spending of others in the same class, and on comparable incomes, she has no guide whatever. For example, we say that during the war the soldiers were fed for about 75 cents per capita per day; we say that in such and such an institution each patient costs $2 per day; or we say that on an income of $1,200 yearly the rent item must not exceed 25 per cent of the total income, and so on.

Now, it is this comparison which is so valuable to any homemaker, or person interested in spending his income wisely and with the most profit. If, for example, I know that a family of the same number and income as mine can manage on spending only 20 per cent of its income on food then I, too, should be able to manage on the same amount. Should I not? If one woman in business on a given salary is able to save 10 per cent of her income, then another woman in the same condition should be able to save a similar and equal sum, and so on.

Many organizations are working out tables of percentages and incomes for the benefit of the family and worker. There have recently been worked out by a certain State commission the percentages of what is spent by some 500 families in that State. The Government's annual report on budgets is also a similar work along this line.

But all this is worthless unless the individual homemaker takes the trouble to estimate her own family's percentages. If she can't do it herself (and she surely can, since so many bookkeepers are women), let her ask Friend Husband to help her. It is a common, joint problem, and there is no reason why the woman in the home should shoulder it all alone. The efficient man always can figure "gross," and "net," and "overhead" and all the rest. If he can estimate thus practically for his outside business, why cannot he assist in estimating it for his family or home business? A tactful handling and co-operation will be welcomed by the earnest, sensible wife.

Let every housekeeper keep accounts and learn to estimate percentages, and 20 per cent of our living problems will have been solved. Suppose she takes up that little red account book in which she has as many columns as she has items of expense—food, clothing, shelter, doctor, amusement, light, fuel, toilet goods and so on—and enters each item in it every day. At the end of the week it will take not more than fifteen minutes to add up what is spent each week on every item. At the end of the month another fifteen minutes will reveal the total amounts spent each month.

This is the place where the average woman usually stops in her figuring. But she must go right on! Instead of being satisfied to know that she has spent so many dollars for food, so much for clothes, so much for other expenses, she must make a quick estimate of what proportion that sum is of her total income.

## Appetizing Menus for the Week

| MONDAY | TUESDAY | WEDNESDAY | THANKSGIVING DAY | FRIDAY | SATURDAY | SUNDAY |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| *Breakfast* | *Breakfast* | *Breakfast* | *Breakfast* | *Breakfast* | *Breakfast* | *Breakfast* |
| Peas, Cereal, Thin Meat Cakes (Left-over meat), Apple Catsup, Muffins, Coffee. | Grapes, Oatmeal, Cream Sauce Omelet, Rolls, Coffee. | Prunes, Cereal, Creamed Dried Beef, Toast, Cocoa. | Cereal, Rice Muffins, Coffee. | Apple Sauce, Oatmeal, Toast, Coffee. | Mashed Potato Cakes, Thin Bacon Fried in Meat, Fried Apples, Muffins, Coffee. | Prunes, Cereal, Codfish Balls, Rolls, Coffee. |
| *Luncheon* | *Luncheon* | *Luncheon* | *Luncheon* | *Luncheon* | *Luncheon* | *Dinner* |
| Scalloped Cheese, Grape Jelly, Graham Bread, Cream Cake, Cocoa. | Curried Vegetables, Whole Wheat Bread, Date Cup Cakes, Tea. | Lima Bean Soup, Toasted Crackers, Sour Milk Doughnuts, Tea. | Toasted Crackers, Apple Jelly, Sliced Peaches, Cocoa. | Macaroons, Coffee. | Hot Boiled Rice with Raisins, Buttered Toast, Tea. | Broiled Steak, Baked Potatoes, Turnip Greens, Tomato Jelly Salad, French Dressing, Caramel Custard, Coffee. |
| *Dinner* | *Dinner* | *Dinner* | *Dinner* | *Dinner* | *Dinner* | *Supper* |
| Roast Lamb, Spanish Sauce, Spinach, Roasted Potatoes, Glazed Apples, Norwegian Prune Pudding, Thin Cream. | Lamb Hash with Border of Boiled Rice and Green Pepper Strips, Sugared Carrots, Spinach Salad, Baked Bananas, Lemon Sauce. | Braised Calf's Liver, Sweet Potatoes, Creamed Squash, Celery, Oatmeal Bread, Apple and Celery Salad, Coffee. | Fruit Cocktail, Roast Fowl, Bread Crumb Stuffing, Corn Fritters, Rind Pickles, Lettuce Salad, Custard Pie, Salted Nuts, Raisins. | Chicken and Celery Patties, Winter Terrace, Spinach, Spiced Crabapples, Molasses Cake with White Mountain Icing, Coffee. | Corned Beef with Vegetables, Steamed Potatoes, Mustard Sauce, Corn Bread, Steamed Spiced Puddings with Whipped Cream. | Minced Corned Beef Sandwiches, Crabapples, One-Egg Cake with Chocolate Frosting. |

## Tested Thanksgiving Recipes

*By Mary Lee Swann,*

***The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking***

**Stuffed Figs.**

CUT a slit in the side of diced figs and remove some of the pulp with tip of spoon. Mix ½ cup of fig pulp with ¼ cup finely chopped crystallized ginger, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Refill the figs with this mixture.

**Oyster Stuffing.**

MIX 3 cups soft stale bread crumbs with ⅓ cup melted butter, 1 teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, ¾ teaspoon poultry seasoning, 3 beaten eggs and 3 cups cleaned oysters. Moisten with stock or oyster liquor.

**Grapefruit Cocktail.**

REMOVE pulp from grapefruit, cut into small pieces, sprinkle with sugar and chill. Serve in glass cups with or without a garnish of fresh, crisp mint leaves. A tablespoonful of loganberry juice or grape juice may be poured over each serving.

**Corn Bread Stuffing.**

MIX 4 cups corn bread crumbs with ½ cup melted fat, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, dash of paprika, 1 teaspoon poultry seasoning, 1 finely minced onion and 1 or 2 beaten eggs. Add water or stock to make sufficiently moist. Cracker crumbs or bread crumbs may be used instead of corn bread crumbs.

**Boiled Onions, French Style.**

WASH, peel and saute until delicately brown 12 small onions, adding a pinch of salt, sugar and pepper. When sufficiently brown add 1 cup of hot, consomme or stock, place in oven to simmer gently and serve when perfectly tender.

**Fresh Corn Fritters.**

ADD to 2 cups of grated corn a pulp enough fine cracker, or softened bread crumbs to hold mixture together. Then add ½ teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt and a dash of paprika. Mix well and drop from tip of spoon into hot fat. Fry the fritters to a light brown color and drain on soft paper. Serve hot on a folded linen napkin.

**Pumpkin Pie.**

BEAT 4 eggs well. Add 4 cups cooked and strained pumpkin, 2 cups grated maple sugar, 3-3 tablespoon salt, 1½ tablespoons ginger and 2 cups milk and 1 cup cream or rich milk. Mix thoroughly. Pour into 2 or 3 pie plates lined with chilled pastry. Bake about 45 minutes or until firm in the centre.

**Salted Almonds.**

COVER almonds with boiling water and bring to boiling point. Drain, cover with cold water, drain again and slip the skins off the nuts. Dry thoroughly on a clean, dry towel. Beat 1 egg white slightly. With tips of fingers cover each nut with the egg white. Dredge lightly with salt. Brown delicately in oven.

## Walking for Beauty

*By Lina Cavalieri*

***The Most Famous Living Beauty.***

THERE is no one form of exercise so generally tonic to the system, I think, as walking. If a woman be of the bilious temperament, with an inclination to grow sallow and heavy-eyed she needs longer walks than the woman of sanguine temperament.

A woman who needs calming—and I have never met a woman yet who would not be greatly benefited by this form of exercise—may begin first by walking five or six city blocks and she may end in a few weeks by walking five or six miles.

The wisest plan is to increase the distance gradually, for one long walk may be of brief benefit, but regular long walks are of inestimable value. It is never well to begin suddenly violent and unaccustomed exercise.

The chief value of walking is that it forces deep breathing, and deep breathing causes a cleansing of the intestines.

Do you realize that the daily walk is cheaper and a thousand times more effective than any cosmetic? It throws off the enveloped cloak of lassitude that hides beauty. No woman is so attractive when she is listless as when she is thoroughly and happily alive. The walk awakens the sleeping or submerged self. It makes life under any circumstances seem worth while. And a woman to keep her beauty must always think life is worth while.


## Wins Back Good Looks

**How a Complexion Disfigured with Skin Eruptions and Sallow Appearance Can Give Way Before the Wonderful Stuart's Calcium Wafers.**

You might look at half a dozen girls who have made their complexions beautiful by clearing their skin with Stuart's Calcium Wafers and be puzzled to decide which is the prettiest. It is remarkable what happens when those unsightly pimples, blackheads, etc., and the muddy, oily appearance disappear. Beautiful skin is lovely in the extreme.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers bring in a short time a more beautiful complexion. By clearing out the pores, thereby of all skin discolorations, they do the work of beauty building almost before anyone can believe it.

Get a 50-cent box of these wonderful wafers from any druggist anywhere.

SMOOTH-ON REPAIR BOOK

SEND FOR THIS FREE REPAIR BOOK

Tells how to make emergency or household and motor repairs. Stops leaks, cracks or breaks in pipes, stoves, furnaces, radiators and household articles. Repairs permanently with

SMOOTH-ON IRON CEMENT

SMOOTH-ON CEMENT No. 1

Write for Free Book No. 1. The cement is 25c in 5 oz. cans, 50c in 1 lb. At hardware and general stores. Or mail 25c for postage.

SMOOTH-ON MFG. CO. Jersey City, N.J., U.S.A.

Don't Be a Sickly Grouch!

Nobody loves a grouch—nobody likes to associate with a grouch. He hasn't any friends. He's a failure—going backward. He's not getting anywhere. And you can't blame him for being a grouch, if your internal processes—your blood and nerves—are clogged with poisons. If you're tired, if you're sick and discouraged, you're a grouch. If you're a grouch, it means that you're a failure—going backward. You're not getting anywhere. And you can't blame anybody but yourself—health yourself up—and you'll be surprised how your friends will change their attitude toward you.

The Big Bid of Your Ailments

You're only half a man, when you stagger along under such handicaps; you can't even eat, you can't make a success of anything; you are bound to be a failure—going backward. If you will invest in and eat of your friends' loaves of Nature's bread, you will get on faster or longer—take hold of YOURSELF—build yourself up—be a MAN again; turn over a leaf and read what Nature's food or ebook can be lived. Strengthen

Will Show You How

Strongfortism is Nature's way, has put vigor, vitality, hope, happiness into men who felt they were hopelessly down and out. Strongfortism will help YOU, as it has helped them; will show you Nature's safe, simple, same way back to health and strength and mental vigor. Don't delay a single day; learn about Strongfortism—the one way to happiness for you.

Send For My Free Book

"Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Perfect Energy," tells you all about Strongfortism. It tells how I have helped many of the strongest men in the world. Send for it today. It will be sent you free, postpaid, in plain wrapper. Address me personally.

LIONEL STRONGFORT

Physical and Health Specialist

Strongfort Institute

NEWARK, N. J.

Reduce Your Flesh

Exactly where desired by using

Dr. Walter's Famous Medicated Rubber Reducing Garments

For Men and Women

Cover the entire body or any part. Endorsed by leading physicians. Send for illustrated Booklet.

Dr. Jeanne A. Walter

353 Fifth Ave., New York.

(Billing Building, 4th Floor (Entrance on 35th St., 3d Door East)

Bust Reducer, $5.50

Chin Reducer, $2.00


## Sunday American-Examiner Patterns

A PRACTICAL MODEL (3037). The pattern is cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 6¾ yards of 36-inch material.

A NEW SET FOR MISS DOLLY (3061). The pattern for this set is cut in five sizes for dolls: 16, 18, 20, 22 and 24 inches in height. Size 18 will require ⅝ yard of 36-inch material for the dress, ⅜ yard of 40-inch material for the cape and ½ yard of 20-inch material for the bonnet.

A PRETTY FROCK IN OVERBLOUSE STYLE (3039). The pattern is cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 5 yards of 36-inch material.

A PRETTY AND BECOMING STYLE FOR SLENDER FIGURES (3044). This pattern is cut in three sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 3½ yards of 44-inch material.

A GOOD SCHOOL FROCK (3057). The pattern is cut in four sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 will require 2⅞ yards of 27-inch material.

A NEAT FROCK FOR THE LITTLE MISS (3053). The pattern is cut in five sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Size 4 requires 2¼ yards of 36-inch material.

To obtain any two of these desirable patterns fill in the accompanying coupon and mail with 15c in silver or stamps to

BARGAIN DAY,
P. O. BOX NO. 260,
CITY HALL STATION,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

IMPORTANT.—Be sure to fill in name, address and size.

SUNDAY AMERICAN-EXAMINER PATTERNS.

BARGAIN DAY.

TWO PATTERNS FOR 15c.

| | |
|---|---|
| 3037.....Bust | 3044.....Years |
| 2061.....Size | 3057.....Years |
| 3039.....Bust | 3053.....Years |
| Name ..... | |
| St. and No..... | |
| City and State..... | |

*Send 10c in silver or stamps for our UP-TO-DATE FALL AND WINTER 1919-1920 CATALOGUE.*

"Stylish Stout"

Sveltline System

Corsets

You are not responsible for your *weight*—you are responsible for your *figure.*

Any stout figure, regardless of weight, can be made stylishly-slender, with properly fitted "STYLISH STOUT" Sveltline System CORSETS designed thru "Sveltline" system, which, from their construction, assure long slender outlines instead of awkward curves and unsightly flesh-bulges.

*Madam is no longer "stout"—*
*Over-development becomes delightfully plump—*
*Matron-lines assume Maiden-lines—*
*You look slighter than ever before—*
*Your Figure is Transformed.*

You not only look more *slender*, but years *younger;* styles you have hesitated to wear are now becoming; gowns you thought failures seem fashionably *Svelte.*

Models for every type of stout figure in both back and front lace, but *only the genuine "Sveltline"* corsets have the label (shown below) sewed in each corset.

**Prices $10.00 up**

Ask your dealer for them. He can fit *you* from his stock because of the variety of models, each specially designed.

Write for folder showing "Stylish Stout" Sveltline Corsets photographed on living models. Address

WEINGARTEN BROS., Inc., 47 West 34th St., New York
Originators and Sole Manufacturers "Stylish Stout" Sveltline Corsets

"Stylish Stout" Corset Sveltline SYSTEM



(C) 1919, International Feature Service, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

# "This Little Barber in a Box" will shave you wherever you are, as long as you live, for $1.00

EXTRA RADIO BLADES 6 FOR 40¢

American Safety Razor Corporation
BROOKLYN, N.Y. TORONTO, CANADA

# 'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor